

THE BEE

WASHINGTON

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WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY MAY 6, 1911

NEGRO DEMOCRATS

Very Sadly Disappointed

Negro Democrats Not Faring Well in Washington, D. C.

(West Virginia McDonald Times.) Those Negroes who were deluded into thinking that he had succeeded in ingratiating himself into their good favor find this to be a sad mistake when it comes time to hand around the good things. They were promised everything short of the Presidency and being a Cabinet Member, and when the show-down comes the very best they get is to be a cuspidor washer around Washington. There are today in and around Washington scores of Negroes who supported the Democratic party and they are there asking that they be taken care of, and while they are waiting don't get it in your mind that they are living on flowery beds of ease, for this will be about the greatest mistake you ever made in your life. You may further put this down as a safe and sane proposition that about one out of every two hundred will get something to do and when he gets it, it will be such a position as the common ordinary Negro who belonged to the Republican party when it was in power in Congress would have scorned. Could there be greater proof of the fact of what the Democrats in this State intend to do as soon as they get a chance? What figure does the wish of any particular Democrat cut when he gets on the floor of the House and is bound by the planks in the platform of his party? He might like to give "Jim" a good berth but the Democratic party says you just let "Jim" stay where he is, this is not "Jim's" party, and you may put it down that "Jim" will stay there. The Bee of Washington says the requisites that must appear on the part of a Negro Democrat seeking position are:

First. In what State, district and county he voted last.

Second. For whom did he vote?

Third. How long has he been a Negro Democrat, and further cites one instance of a Negro Democrat from West Virginia hunting a job. We don't doubt brother Chase's word on this, but if he will take the trouble to investigate, it is dollars to doughnuts that this gentleman who wears the livery of the burning sun has self constituted and self delegated himself as coming from this State, and when the truth is ascertained it will in all probability be found that he came "from way down yonder" in the cornfields of Mississippi. We had a few over here who went off after strange gods, but they have so seriously and solemnly repented that we feel that there will be no further trouble along that line. The Democratic party in power in the lower House in Washington in order to make a show at economy and at the same time to have some excuse for not placing their newly acquired Negro constituents abolished \$182,000 worth of places that had been previously held by Negroes. Did we say abolished, perhaps transferred might be better for white men, young white men, young white Democrats are being daily appointed to the so-called abolished positions and yet there are some Negroes foolish enough to try to argue themselves into a frenzy about what the Republican party will not do for them and what the Democratic party does for them. The Times is not "bridled," nor is it blindly following any party, but if anybody on the other side can see anything the Democratic party does for the Negro to induce him to join their ranks, you give such a one's favor, and if he can show us we will take back all we have said, but until this is done we are from Missouri.

A NEGRO EDITOR CONDEMNNS KENTUCKY'S LATEST BARBARITY.

The White Press and Pulpit Strangely Silent.

To the Editor of the Bee: As a member of the Negro race, and knowing you as I do, I ask that you give me space in your valuable paper, which is largely read by both races, to say a few words about the treatment of Negroes in this country, but more especially to those poor and unfortunate Negroes who are residing in the Southland. You, reserving the right as what should or should not be published in your paper, I trust that you will see your way clear and publish same for me.

To begin with, I desire to call the attention of your readers to the special telegraphic dispatch from Kentucky to the Washington Post of April 20, 1911, which reads as follows: "Louisville, Ky., April 20. Kentucky established a new record in lynching today, when a mob in Livermore took M. Potter, a Negro, who had killed a white man, from jail, hanged him on the stage of the local opera house, and charged admission for persons to enter and shoot at the body hanging above the footlights."

"It is reported that the money taken in at the door went to the family of the white man the Negro had killed. Those who bought orchestra seats had the privilege of emptying their six-shooters at the swaying form above them, but gallery occupants were limited to one shot. The whole town is reported still in possession of the mob."

Gentle reader, the lynching is bad enough, but when a set of white barbarians, after lynching a man who was in chains in the jail, in consequence

of which was defenseless, and then after killing him in such an unmerciful manner, charge admission fee for the purpose of gazing on their foul deed, and gave the receipt to the family of the dead man, is indeed beyond all human civilization. It is worse than any time preceding the Christian era. It is shocking. Barbarism pales into insignificance and the civilized world stands aghast with such a crime.

The killing or lynching of the Negro Potter is the most brutal, the most dastardly, the most fiendish act that could be perpetrated upon any human being, least of all upon the body of a dead man, who was lynched by a set of white marauders, who constitute judges, jurors, wherever there is an alleged crime committed by Negroes. But this time the poor Negro did not commit that nameless crime, which has always suspended him in the air, whether he is guilty or not guilty, and which is always used as sign for wholesale butchery of Negroes.

The crime, of course, is an abominable one when perpetrated, and tends to anger both white and black people, and no man abominates that crime more than the man who now writes this article; but it proves conclusively this time that that is not the only offense that he is subjected to, to pay a death penalty.

To talk of the Dark Continent; to talk of sending missionaries to foreign lands for the purpose of civilizing and Christianizing others is such a mockery on Christianity that I fail to understand why such a farce is not stopped.

Now, where is civilization? Where is religion? Where is law? Where is justice? Where is right? Where is humanity? Is the grand old Commonwealth of Kentucky, of which I am a citizen, retrograding with its splendid schools, with its magnificent colleges and universities, with its accomplished and learned professors; is the old commonwealth verging towards barbarism, savagery, sans-culottism? Where in the world is the commonwealth? Where are its laws? Where are the conservators of the peace? Where is Christianity? Is justice fled from the bosom of the white people in Kentucky? I hope not.

This atrocious deed, which is a blot on the fair State, was perpetrated upon the defenseless Negro, not because he was charged with having committed rape, for, indeed, when such a cry is made, it not only stirs the white people of the country, but the Negroes, too, feel it as keenly, as much as any other human being, and there are instances where Negroes have given their aid in hunting down reckless and abominable men who have robbed women of their virtue. But it happened that this is the mere killing of a white man, who no doubt had brought it upon himself by his overbearing manner, as is usually the case when a Negro kills a white man.

This question of revenge and cruelty is not one of sentiment nor one for mawkish oratory, but is a question that goes to the very foundation of the well-being of human society and concerns the humanizing social, moral, and civil salvation, elevation and evolution of the best gifts, graces, accomplishments of that portion of the human family who for centuries have been denuded of all human rights, civil and political privileges by their cousins and half-brothers and sisters of the sons of Shem and Japhet, who for centuries arrogated to themselves all the rights and privileges of the highest forms of modern civilization based upon Christianity.

Again, those Negro haters, such men as Vardaman, Dixon, Tillman and others of their ilk, who castigate the Negro for his shortcomings, have forgotten that they have had thousands of years ahead of the Negro, and yet there are thousands of facts patent to the most unintelligent and unobservant to stultify the broad assertions of the blatant caricaturists in all parts of the world outside of the United States, not to mention the uncounted number within Uncle Sam's dominions—in relation to the Negroes, notwithstanding their authors Thomas Jefferson, Dr. Field, and others, with respect to the degeneracy of the Negro.

It is now too late for any sane man, be he who he may, to stigmatize the Negro for shortcomings, deficiencies, ignominious habits and abominable degeneracies, for the existence of which the men like Vardaman and his sublime accomplices were responsible, as they had it in their power for hundreds of years to have raised the Negro to a higher plane of civilization and Christianity, which they guilty and knowingly omitted to do, and then turn round and accuse the Negro of every conceivable and inconceivable literary, artistic and scientific deficiency.

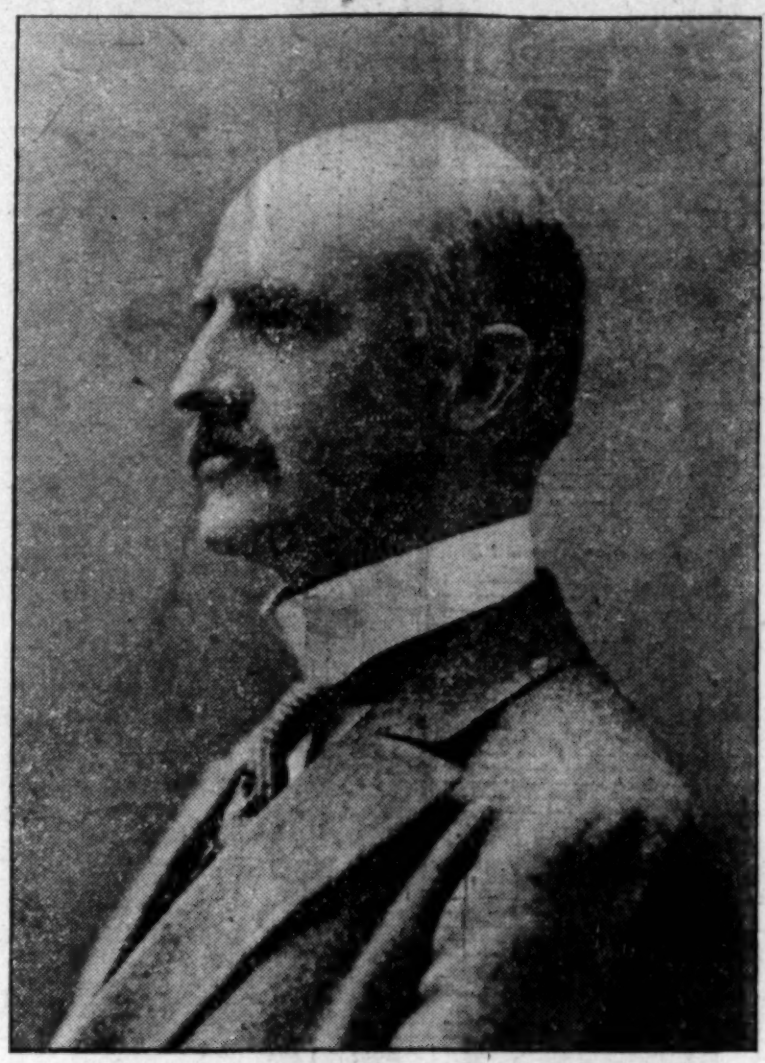
But, after all, their boasted civilization does not make them better citizens than the poor Negro who has had no civilization, according to the white man's idea of civilization.

Many Negroes have been lynched without the least provocation, although it is said that we are living in a Christian land. In conclusion, let me say that the white man has not done his duty in way of protecting the Negroes in this country.

Yours for the race,
W. D. JOHNSON,
Former editor Kentucky Standard.

Shepard and Pritchard.

Cleveland, Ohio, May 1. Dr. James E. Shepard, of Durham, N. C., spoke in St. John's M. E. Church yesterday to a large and distinguished audience, and Judge J. C. Pritchard and Dr. Shepard spoke in the Wilson Avenue Baptist Church in the evening. Both gentlemen made great impressions on the Cleveland people.



HON. GIST BLAIR.

The Next Republican Congressman From the Sixth Congressional District

ARE ASKED TO STAY TAKES IT AS INSULT

America Is The Best Place The Invitation Is Withdrawn

Liberia Rather a Cheerless Country, as Viewed by Bishop Scott.

(From New York Sun.)

Bishop Isaiah Scott of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, who has jurisdiction over the Negroes of the Republic of Liberia, arrived yesterday by the White Star liner Baltic. He has a poor opinion of the majority of the members of his tropical diocese. The men sometimes have more wives than one, and let them do the work, Bishop Scott said. There are many tribal wars because of women sold as children to become the wives of chiefs, and who get tired of the chiefs' attentions. The Bishop does not encourage the effort to get American Negroes to remove to Liberia, where he says the chances of improvement are slight. He said there was no better place for the American Negro than America.

Liberia will elect a new President tomorrow for a term of four years instead of two, as heretofore.

WAS GUEST OF HONOR.

Banquet Given for James C. Napier, Register of the Treasury.

A banquet in honor of James C. Napier, register of the Treasury, was given last Monday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, M Street between 16th and 17th Streets, by Tennesseans residing in Washington. A stringed orchestra furnished music.

Joseph M. Trigg, formerly alderman of Knoxville, Tenn., acted as the toastmaster. Toasts responded to were: "The Colored Soldier," by Gen. Andrew S. Burt; "Our Professional Classes," by Prof. Roscoe C. Bruce, assistant superintendent of public schools; "The Racial Outlook," by Thomas J. Calloway, and "Politics from a Racial Viewpoint," by Prof. Kelly Miller of Howard University.

Mr. Napier reviewed the progress of the colored people during the last half century, and advised his people to organize their resources and develop business enterprises.

Aftermath.

The committee placed Cy Adams purposely at the foot end of the table, but he was soon afterwards given a place of honor.

Three white invited guests were given positions of honor.

Prof. Kelly Miller thought Tennesseans ought to fill offices at their homes and in their own State.

The Democrats.

The Democrats are booming now. They have the Lower House in tow, and knocking poor folks out of jobs; They're cursing out the G. O. P. For dodging Reciprocity; They've hooked up their old free trade raft, alongside of Mr. Taft. They're hoping that in one year hence, To knock his "Nibs" plumb through the fence. The Democrats may be all right; Although their past is none too bright; They sure did raise particular hobbs, By knocking poor folks out of jobs. They say the country needs them now. To take the ship of State in tow. Perhaps it does, perhaps it don't, some folks are praying that it won't; They can't forget that gloomy fog, That put the country on the hog; The Democrats may be all right; But lots of folks still crave for sight.

JAMES CONWAY JACKSON.

Bee is an evidence of an old aphorism 'the guilty fleeeth when no one pursueth.' With assurance of my highest regards, believe me to be, Respectfully,

W. CALVIN CHASE.
To Mr. F. P. Cansler, 408 Elm St.

The New Rochelle Dinner.
(From New Rochelle, N. Y., Standard Journal.)

The annual dinner of the Colored Republican Club of New Rochelle last Tuesday night was an event of which the Negroes of New Rochelle have just reason to be proud. This is especially true of the officers and members of the club, who have given their time, money and labor to build up a good organization. Those who attended the dinner will be able to recall with pleasure the splendid gathering of men and women, the delicious menu and the good speeches that followed the repast. Negroes will be especially proud of the able address of Hon. Charles W. Anderson, the principal speaker of the evening, who kept the diners cheering and laughing alternately throughout his clever speech. We believe that the prominent white officials of New Rochelle who attended the dinner will have an added respect for the race and its possibilities after witnessing an event such as this. The presence of Mayor Colwell, Mr. Scherp and other local officials is in itself an evidence of the growing recognition and respect for Negroes who show that they are capable and deserving.

Chief Griffin's Thanks.

Washington, D. C., May 1, 1911. My Dear Friend: I desire to thank you personally for the service you rendered the Washington Division of the Grand Fountain of the United Order of True Reformers, by your words of encouragement during its great struggle to redeem itself and have the license renewed.

I believe it was God's way of testing true friendship and love for humanity. Because of the determined stand taken by some of our real race leaders in defense of the organization that has made so many hearts glad, and so many homes happy, and the loyalty displayed by the members themselves, the Insurance Commissioner of Virginia lifted the suspension of our license and we are now doing business as in former years. Had we lost hope and allowed the order to die, other Negro organizations would have stumbled over the dead bones of the True Reformers for the next twenty-five years.

We have collected in the past six months during our inactivity more than seventy-five thousand dollars (\$75,000). This will give you some idea what we can do when allowed to work.

Special concessions have been granted to all unbenefited members who may desire to return, as well as a special dispensation of three (\$3.00) dollars to new members which will expire Sept. 1, 1911.

Thanking you again for your sympathy expressed, and asking your continued encouragement, I am yours for success,

W. R. GRIFFIN,
Chief.

Will It Come?

Much interest is attached to the visit of Julius Rosenwald, of Illinois, to this city Thursday among officials of the local Y. M. C. A. and citizens in general. Mr. Rosenwald recently offered \$25,000 to the colored branch of any city that would raise \$75,000 toward the construction of a Y. M. C. A. building. The construction of the colored men's branch on 12th Street between S and T Streets had begun and was well under way when Mr. Rosenwald made his offer. This fact, however, did not discourage the officials of the Association, and their efforts to get the \$25,000 seems to be meeting with success.

Mr. Rosenwald and Judge J. W. Mack, of the Commerce Court, in company with Lewis E. Johnson, secretary of the branch, recently made a thorough inspection of the building now in course of construction. Efforts are being made to have the building come within the offer of Mr. Rosenwald's \$25,000. Although he did not commit himself, it is the general consensus of opinion that he will be persuaded into considering favorably the claims of the 12th Street branch.

Don't Indorse Him.

(West Virginia McDonald Times.) Howard University is having an upheaval over the dismissal of two of her young professors, whom the President, W. P. Thirkield, alleges are guilty of conduct unbecoming tutors. The allegation, second handed, is that the young men were seen to have taken a drink of intoxicating beverage, and without trial were dismissed by being asked to resign. The press of the country is much divided on the subject, but the weight of the evidence and the consensus of opinion is that the president acted without due consideration in the matter, and a new trial has been asked for. Up to this time the case has not been reopened. It seems to be a well established fact that President Thirkield is not any too favorably disposed toward the higher education for the Negro.

Although an Ohio man, most of his educational life has been spent in Georgia, where it is thought he imbibed the Southern idea.

Charles E. Merriam, a Chicago University professor, spent \$133,254.80 in his recent efforts to become mayor of Chicago, according to a final statement of campaign receipts and expenditures.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

Important News Happenings

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, is alarmed at the number of deaths in the United States caused by headache powders.

Princess David Kamonana Roa, niece of Liliuokalani, former Queen of Hawaii arrived in this country accompanied by several attendants, to attend the Gould-Graham wedding.

There is keen interest in naval circles in the claim involving more than 1,000,000 due Capt. Jno. J. Knapp, U. S. N., against the United States government for royalties due him for a gas ejector now in use in the navy. The government claims the invention was simply work in his line of duty. Eighty-one wreaths are to be used in the decoration of the graves of firemen May 15, when the fiftieth memorial Day of the District of Columbia fire department will be held.

What is thought to be the third highest price yet paid for a single book was paid last week at the Robert Hoe sale, when "Helyas, Knight of the Swan" was sold for \$21,000 to W. M. Hill. The book was formerly in the library of Edward Gwynne, a book collector of the seventeenth century.

Mrs. Martha Harmon, who is in her seventieth year, and who has been attending public night school in New York, has been presented with two gold medals, one for attendance, the other for efficiency in studies. She is considered an ideal pupil.

William Conners, after having been examined by three white physicians, who found no traces of Negro blood in him, has been sentenced to serve three years in the Maryland Penitentiary, as it was found his mother had Negro blood. It is held illegal in Maryland for whites and colored to intermarry.

As the General Federation of Labor in Paris was so persistent in its intention to carry out a monster demonstration May 1, in the face of the government's prohibition, the authorities drafted 10,000 additional troops to supplement the Paris garrison of 25,000.

By the will of Dr. Charles A. Oliver, of Philadelphia, a valuable library containing books on ophthalmology is given Harvard University; his paintings, engravings and pictures given to Lafayette College, the remainder of the estate, valued at \$15,000, is given in equal parts to three medical institutions of Philadelphia.

The True Reformers Hotel, of Richmond, Va., has been sold for \$7,000 to Mr. J. P. Johnson. A colored planter in Mississippi has given to Campbell College a tract of land valued at \$7,000, the income of which is to go for the maintenance of poor but worthy students.

Dr. M. W. Gilbert, pastor of Zion Baptist Church, Knoxville, Tenn., has been elected re-sident of Selma University, succeeding Dr. R. T. Pollard, who resigned because of old age. Selma College is the oldest Baptist College of the State.

The establishment of an inebriate asylum within the District is being strongly urged, and recommended by the commissioners.

Every fourth woman in New York City is a wage earner, according to Miss Mary Van Kleek, secretary of the woman's committee of the Russell Sage foundation, and 47 per cent of the women earn more than \$3 per week.

At the beginning of the present year there were 26,845 lunatics in the county of London, an increase of 469 over the previous year.

With an American eagle as a mascot, captured when it fell exhausted after following the vessel 100 miles, the United States transport Buford is in port after delivering 12,000 tons of foodstuffs to Chinese famine sufferers. The mascot is prized highly.

The Carnegie hero fund has awarded a bronze medal to Chas. F. Faley, an employee of the bureau, in recognition of his drowned son's bravery.

The proclamation separating Church and State has been promulgated throughout Portugal. All creeds shall now have an equal standing in the country, and the Catholic faith has ceased to hold place as the State religion.

All railroad traffic was stopped for an hour at Union Station in Omaha, Neb., when two stands of honey bees fell and broke open, the bees swarming all over the station, putting everybody to rout.

THINGS TO HAPPEN.

A. W. Scott and Fountain Peyton shake hands in Detroit, Mich., next year.

Thomas L. Jones and A. W. Scott automobile riding.

Judge E. M. Hewlett reappointed on Municipal bench.

W. C. Martin and W. L. Houston voting for the same Grand Master in 1913.

James H. Coleman and Wm. L. Pollard thinking alike.

Henry Lincoln Johnson and Fred R. Morris going to Georgia in the same coach.

L. M. King and John W. Patterson, consolidate the Elks.

Lead The Bee

LAST NIGHT.

English Version by THEO MARZIALS,
After CHR. WINTHER.

(SEHNSUCHT.)

HALFDAN RJERULEF

Andantino.

1. Last night, the night-in-gale
Ich kann - te heu - te nicht

p dolce.

woke me! Last night, when all was still! It sang in the
schla - fen mich weckt die Nach - ti - gall! Mein Ohr ih - re

gold - en moon - light, From out the wood-land hill, I
Toe - ne tra - fen vom Wald mit hel - lem Schall, Mein

p dolce.

o - pen'd my win - dow so gent - ly, I look'd on the dream - ing
Fen - ster das oeff - net ich lei - se und starrt' in das Nacht - re

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few..... And oh! the bird, my dar-ling, was sing-ing, sing-ing of
vier..... Und liese die sue - se Wei-se, sie sin - gen, sin-gen von

p dolce.

you, of you.
dir, von dir.

Ped.

2. I think of you in the daytime,
I dream of you by night;
I wake and would you were here, love,
And tears are blinding my sight,
I hear a low breath in the lime tree,
The wind is floating through;
And oh! the night, my darling,
Is sighing, sighing for you.

3. O think not I can forget you,
I could not though I would;
I see you in all around me,
The stream, the night, the wood,
The flowers, that slumber so gently,
The stars above the blue;
Oh! heaven itself, my darling,
Is praying, praying for you.

2. Dein denk' ich mit Herz und Munde,
Und send' dir meinen Blick,
Du schlugst mir die tiefste Wunde,
Nicht Antwort giebst du zurueck,
Nur Seufzer im naechtlchen Winde,
Vom Zweige ein wink so fern,
Nur kuehler Thau der Linde, ja Linde,
Kalt auch vom hohen Stern.

3. Glaub' nicht ich koennt' dich vergeesse...
Vertrau' der Liebe Macht,
Will tief in das Herz dich pressen,
Und tragen durch Grabesnacht.
Zu Leuchtendem Sternengefunke.
Wo Liebe vergehet nicht,
Trotz Tod und schaurigem Dunkel,
Dich zu des Himmels Licht

Last Night—2

Have You Any Mantle Troubles?

USE INNERLIN LINED BLOCK MANTLES

AND YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER

Block Innerlin Lined Mantles give 50 per cent. more light and will outlast six ordinary mantles. This means a saving of 75 per cent. on your mantle expense. TWO COMPLETE GAS MANTLES IN ONE. Price, 25 cents

GET ONE TO TRY WITHOUT COST

Save the box covers from 12 Block Vy-tal-ty Mantles—the best 10 and 15-cent grade of mantles sold—take them to your dealer, or send them to us, and get a Block Innerlin Lined Mantle free.

Block Vy-tal-ty and Block Innerlin Lined Mantles are for sale at Hardware, China, Plumbing, Grocery and Department Stores.

Dealers Write for Our Descriptive Circular and New Catalogue

The Block Light Co., Youngstown, Ohio
(Sole Manufacturers)

Headquarters for Incandescent Mantles, Burners and Supplies of every description, Gas, Gasoline, Kerosene, High Pressure, etc.

AX HEAD MONEY.

When Schlemann was digging at the supposed site of Troy he discovered masses of silver in the form of ax heads. Goetze suggested that these were intended not for implements, but for money. Bronze ax heads have also been discovered in ancient remains, mingled with metal pieces in the form of rings, in such a manner as to suggest that all alike were intended to serve as money, and the conclusion is drawn that in ancient times the metal ax head had come to be a popular unit of value for purposes of barter. After it had disappeared as actual money the memory of it, according to this theory, was preserved in the coins of Tenedos, which bore the figure of an ax head. It has been suggested that the "wedge of gold" which Achan stole from the spoils of Jericho and for the stealing of which Joshua had him stoned to death was a specimen of the ancient ax head money.—Harper's Weekly.

A Youthful Joke.

"When Mark Twain was the editor of the Virginia City Enterprise," said an essayist at the Franklin Inn in Philadelphia, "a servant girl in the neighboring town of Lovelock unexpectedly fell heir to \$300,000. Her name was Miriam Rogers. A day or two after the announcement, while all Virginia City and Lovelock buzzed with Miriam's good luck, Mark Twain printed on the editorial page of the Enterprise this paragraph:

"If Miriam Rogers of Lovelock, who recently inherited a large fortune, will call at this office she will hear something greatly to her advantage. We are bachelors."—New York Press.

Surmounting a Difficulty.

A man of tact always manages to get out of a difficulty. The clerk of a parish in England whose business it was to read the first lesson in the church came across the chapter in David in which the names Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego occur twelve times.

Finding it extremely difficult to pronounce these names, he went through the chapter referring to them as "the aforesaid gentlemen."

Her Self Possession.

"Miss Oldcastle is always self possessed no matter what happens."

"Well, she ought to be seeing that she has had practice in the self possession line for at least thirty-five years."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Elusive Economy.

Economy, unlike charity, doesn't usually begin at home. In fact, economy doesn't begin anywhere as often as it should.—Arlington Globe.

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233 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.

Lady Halle, of Austria, a noted performer, died last week of pneumonia. Lady Halle was born in 1840. She was appointed violinist to Queen Alexandra in 1902.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT in each town to ride and exhibit a sample Lawson Model "Bicycle" furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer at once.

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere, in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance. Proper freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense in 10 days and we will refund your money.

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles. It is possible to make a bicycle at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10.00 to \$15.00 by buying direct from the factory. We have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price unless you receive our catalogue and learn our unbroken record of factory prices and reasonable special offers to rider agents.

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Consult McClure's Magazine for Robert Lowery, noted gospel hymn writer, was unveiled last week at Plainfield, N. J.

Former Minister Komura entertained in Tokio United States Ambassador O'Brien at a congratulatory dinner in celebration of the signing of the new treaty between Japan and the United States.

Statistics issued by transcontinental railroads showed that 85,000 persons traveled from eastern cities to points on the Pacific coast during the thirty-five day period ending April 10.

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BASEBALL.

The Gentle Side of Our National Game as Seen by a Well Known Humorist.

I have seen a quiet little Sunday afternoon game of baseball in which every man on either side told every man on his own and the other side just what he thought of his character. One captain, says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, began by telling his pitcher what he thought of him and ordered him off the field, and the pitcher remarked that if he had a catcher who knew how to catch a ball once every week or so he would be able to use some speed. This seemed to displease the catcher, and he remarked in no gentle tones about the pitcher's general ability and the short-sightedness of a captain who would have such a man on his line. This gave pleasure to the opposing nine, and they showed it by appropriately guffing remarks and were taken to task by the nine men of the other side. The 200 spectators who gathered to see the ball game then told both sides what they thought of them and were given to understand that not a man on either nine cared a faded fig for—

An hour later the umpire went home or in the direction of home, but the two captains were still discharging their men. I have seen one stout catcher discharged eight times in one seven-inning game, during which period he resigned four times of his own accord.

THE MATTERHORN.

Its Pointed Peak and the Wonderful View It Unfolds.

There are very few Alpine peaks so pointed as the Matterhorn. Some—as, for instance, Mont Blanc—are merely large lumps of frozen snow, but the Matterhorn is quite pointed and thin, composed of a ridge formed by a perpendicular wall of rock on one side and a very steep rocky slope on the other, a slope which after going a few yards at an incline breaks off sharp into a precipice.

When on the top, therefore, one is absolutely perched up between heaven and earth. Never before have I seen so much space around and below me. It is wonderful, immense, unreal. The panorama unfolded to the eyes is a superb one, an inextinguishable mass of peaks—Rosa, the Breithorn, the Combin, Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau and others. There at our feet lies Zermatt, seemingly a tiny toy village, where we can imagine the tourists paying their franc to the telescope man to look at us. These good folk do not dream of the great difficulty we have in keeping our feet because of the wind.

Alas, it is so cold and the position such a precarious one that about ten minutes after our arrival we are compelled to turn our steps toward the descent, which on the Alps is much more to be dreaded than the ascent.—Wide World Magazine.

Sounded Best When Silent.

In a railroad office in West Philadelphia there is an old and trusted clerk of Celtic extraction who keeps his associates in a constant state of good humor by an unending series of witticisms, interspersed occasionally with "bulls" so glaring that even he himself has to join in the laugh that invariably follows such a "break" on his part. There was some trouble on the telephone one day recently, and Mike, as he is called among his friends, lost much of his usual good nature in his efforts to get the gist of a message that was being sent from another office. The man on the other end of the wire finally became exasperated and asked Mike if he was losing his hearing.

"I can hear you all right until you begin to talk," said Mike, "and then I can't understand a word you say."—Philadelphia Times.

The Psychological Moment.

"Is Miss Wheaton at home?" asked one of the neighbors of the spinster as he called at her door to get her signature to a petition.

"She is that," responded Celia Leahy, three weeks over from Ireland and a most willing handmaiden. "Will you step in, sorr?"

"I should like to see her on a matter of business for a few moments if she is not engaged," said the neighbor.

Celia swung wide the door and waved him in.

"If she has wan, he's neglectin' her shameful," she said in a hoarse, confidential whisper, "for 'tis three weeks tomorrow since I come here, and he's not put his foot over the threshold in all that time! Sure, 'tis your chanst!"—Yenths's Companion.

An Obstructionist.

"Speakin' 'bout large feet," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I don't know when I was mo' insulted dan I was dis afternoon. I was standin' on de curbstone facin' de house, an' de policeman, he come along an' say's I's got to turn around jes' a little."

"What fob?"

"He says pointin' my shoes de same way de street runs is de onlies way fob me to keep fum obstructin' de sidewalk."—Washington Star.

She'd Remedy That.

Mrs. Hoyle—Your husband has a mind of his own, my husband says. Mrs. Doyle—I'll speak to him about it when he comes home.—New York Press.

Jack Ashore.

Fond Mother—You are never satisfied, Jack. When you go to sea you're homesick, and when you come home you're seasick.—London Punch.

He that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer.—Shakespeare.

NERVOUS TWITCHINGS.

An Affliction From Which Many of the World's Great Men Have Suffered.

Many men of genius, like the insane, are subject to curious spasmodic and choreic movements. Professor Lombroso in one of his books pointed out that Lenau and Montesquieu left upon the floor of their rooms the signs of the movements by which their feet were convulsively agitated during composition.

Buffon, Dr. Johnson, Santeuil, Crebillon and Lombardini exhibited the most remarkable facial contortions. There was a constant quiver on Thomas Campbell's thin lips. Chateaubriand was long subject to convulsive movements of the arm.

Napoleon suffered from an habitual spasm of the right shoulder and of the lips. "My anger," he said one day after an altercation with Lowe, "must have been fearful, for I felt the vibration of my calves, which has not happened to me for a long time."

Peter the Great suffered from convulsive movements which horribly distorted his face. "Carducci's face at certain moments," writes Mantegazza, "is a veritable hurricane; lightning darts from his eyes, and his muscles tremble." Ampere could express his thoughts only while walking and when his body was in a state of constant movement. Socrates often danced and jumped in the street without reason.

FRENCH TRADESMEN.

Bows and Smiles and Flattery All Used in Business.

"Bon jour, madame." This is a cordial tone and accompanied by a ready smile is the welcome of your French tradesman or tradeswoman. With lowly bows and widespread smiles he shows himself delighted to serve you. If you look over everything in the shop and buy only the wing of a chicken, yet he will just as smilingly bow you out and hope to see you again.

Once I entered my milkman's speckless shop and was met by Monsieur Jean himself. "Oh, Monsieur Jean," I smiled, "I am so sorry! Your milk is so delicious, but I find that I cannot use all of 4 cents' worth a day." Monsieur Jean was all sympathy, understanding at once, and answered, "But, madame, let me send you half that quantity, 2 cents' worth—1 cent's worth—what you will." And with a shrug and a smile, as if to say, "What is 2 cents' worth of milk compared with the honor of your patronage?" he put my fears to rest.

This subtle flattery of the tradesman is really good business. One is only human, and it is so pleasant to be a person of consequence! I resolved on the spot to buy all my butter and cheese from Monsieur Jean, as well as the milk.—New Idea Woman's Magazine.

A Dog and a Song.

During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier he was visited by a celebrated oratorio singer. The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room and, seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated, listening with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is Robin Adair." The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment during the lady's visit he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors and accompanied her when she went to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.

Courtship in China.

A curious custom prevails at Huay-ningshen, in Kwangsi. On the fifteenth day of the first month in each year all the young ladies and gentlemen take a walk to the Yen-yen mountain. Each damsel carries a little box, which she deposits at the foot of the hill. Any young gentleman desirous of entering the bonds of matrimony may select one of the boxes and take it away with him, whereupon the fair owner of the box makes herself known, and an acquaintanceship is thus formed. Ill assorted matches are not likely to occur, as this custom is observed only among the well to do classes of society.

Rattled.

A nervous looking man walked into a grocery store with his baby on one arm and a kerosene can on the other, said the man on the counter and placed, "Sit there a moment, dear." Then, holding the baby up to the dazed clerk, he added, "Fill this thing up with kerosene."—Argonaut.

Cheerful.

Old Nurse (to newly married couple after viewing the wedding presents)—Well, my dears, you ought to be very 'appy. There ain't a thing amongst 'em as a pawnbroker wouldn't be pleased to 'andle.—London Punch.

A Kicker.

"Got a new baby at your house, have you? Boy or girl?"

"Girl, but she's an anarchist. She hasn't done a thing but howl indignantly against existing conditions since she came."—Chicago Tribune.

The understanding is always the dupe of the heart.—La Rochefoucauld.

EFFECT OF SUGGESTION.

Its Influence is Powerful and Can Fill Our Lives With Gladness or Misery.

There is nothing that plays so important a part in the daily life of men and women as does suggestion, says H. Addington Bruce in the Delinquent. Mentally, morally and to a large extent physically we are what we are because of its influence. Suggestion can make of us saints or criminals, heroes or cowards. It can lift us from beds of sickness or doom us to a hopeless invalidism. It can fill our lives with gladness or with misery. It is a great force ceaselessly operative, unescapable. But it is a force that we can nevertheless direct and utilize if we only understand its laws, and the more wisely, the more persistently, the more thoroughly we use it, the happier and healthier we shall be.

No matter how many setbacks come, keep repeating to yourself optimistic autosuggestions. Repetition is one of the most powerful instruments of suggestion. There is a great truth underlying the familiar saying "As a man thinketh, so is he." Moreover, you can utilize the law of repetition to draw from your surroundings beneficial suggestions that will powerfully re-enforce your autosuggestions. You can do so because every detail in your environment is of suggestive value to you, and although no one can make this environment all that it should be, nevertheless it is quite within your power to modify it in such a way that it will give you a maximum of helpful and a minimum of harmful suggestions.

A FAMOUS TIMEPIECE.

The Astronomical Clock at Hampton Court Palace.

The famous astronomical clock at Hampton Court palace, near London, is the first timepiece of that character erected in England and was made for Henry VIII. In 1540. According to Ernest Law, the historian of Hampton Court palace, it was the creation of Nicholas Cratzer, a German astronomer, who visited England at the invitation of Cardinal Wolsey, who introduced him to the king.

It is possible to learn from the hour, the month, the day of the month, the position of the sun and the number of days since the beginning of the year, phases of the moon and its age, the hour at which it crosses the meridian and the time of high water at London bridge. The winding of the clock occupies half an hour every week. The weights descend to a depth of more than sixty feet.

Like many other things about the palace, it has its legends. It is related that when Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., died in the palace clock, which was striking 4 at the moment, immediately stopped. This it is said to do whenever any old resident in the palace dies within its precincts, and alleged modern instances of the fact are quoted solemnly by the credulous.—Argonaut.

How He Won Her.

A man who married his stenographer won her through sheer persistency. Although it was evident to the wooer that the young woman did not regard him entirely without favor, he found it extremely difficult to get her to listen to his plea. The stenographer refused to lunch, sup or go to the theater with her admirer. Finding every avenue of approach blocked, the determined courtier, who possessed some literary facility, wrote a short love story, in which the girl and he were the leading figures. This story he sent to the stenographer every morning for a month and ordered her to typewrite it for him. She dared not refuse to do as her employer commanded, and, realizing through the story that he would never give up until she married him, she finally acquiesced.—Chicago Record-Herald.

They Paid the Price.

The corporation of the city of Glasgow wanted to purchase the Whistler portrait of Carlyle and in due course waited on the master of the gentle art of making enemies about the price (1,000 guineas). They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but "Do you not think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee, wee bit excessive?"

"Didn't you know the price before you came to me?" asked the master, with suspicious blandness.

"Oh, aye, we knew that!" replied the corporation.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Whistler in his suavest tones, "let's talk of something else." And as there was nothing else of interest to detain the "corporation" they paid the price and made an excellent bargain.

Airy.

"I'm looking for a breezy march," said the bandmaster in a Chestnut street music store the other day.

"How about this one dedicated to the Aero club?" the facetious clerk asked.

"I suppose it is written for wind instruments," the bandmaster countered.

"Well, the air is easy," the clerk shot back, and the interchange stopped.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Well Satisfied.

"Old Grabber ought to be satisfied with the money he has."

"He is satisfied—so much so that he wants a lot more of exactly the same kind."—London Tit-Bits.

Already Done.

Pa—But, young man, do you think you can make my girl happy? Suitor—Do I say I wish you could 'a' seen her when I proposed.—Cleveland Leader.



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FAMOUS GOODWOOD.

Something About a Historic English Race Course.

The Goodwood race course is quite unique. It is a long way from a station and is not near any town, says the London Tatler. It is on a hill the top of which is shaped like a horseshoe, the space between the two horns being represented by a deep ravine. The course runs round the horseshoe, the start being at the end of one horn and the finish at the end of the other. The result of this is that the equestrians who on other courses contrive to see both start and finish by the simple process of riding across while the race is in progress cannot do so at Goodwood. They must elect which they will see and remain there. On the other hand, the course is very easy to follow with glasses.

The races as an institution are comparatively modern, but there must have been hunt races and matches on this course since the days of William III., when we hear of the Goodwood hunt as in existence. In 1800, however, the then Duke of Richmond made a new course, which is practically the present one. In 1801 the course was completed, and in order to celebrate this a regular meeting was got up by the duke with the assistance of the hunt and some officers of the Sussex militia and yeomanry, and prizes to the value of about £1,000 were put up. This meant a good sum in those days. This was the first Goodwood meeting of importance, and from that year it became an annual event.

An Amendment.

"Are you ready to live on my income?" he asked softly.

She looked up into his face trustfully.

"Certainly, dearest," she answered, "if—"

"If what?"

"If you get another one for yourself."—New York Journal.

The Dreaded Doctor.

"How did you like your dinner?" inquired the epicure.

"Well," answered the dyspeptic, "it was admirable in every respect. But my doctor has put me into such an apprehensive frame of mind that whenever I really enjoy eating anything I become utterly miserable."

MISS WISE SERVANT.

She Was Too Well Posted on the Right of Employer and Employed.

"Some girls may be green and easily imposed upon," said the woman, "but just as many more can give their employers points on law. The girl that came to my house the other day from an employment agency knew more in a minute about the rights of employer and employed than I would know in a year. About the first thing she did was to look out at that big hole in the ground at the other end of the lot, where they are preparing to build. She said:

"If I should break any dishes while that building is going up you couldn't make me pay for them."

"I asked why not, and she informed me that a girl working in a building that is likely to be shaken by blasting is protected by the same rule that governs employees in a dining car. Owing to the insecurity they are allowed \$20 a month for breakage. Dishes valued at less than \$20 may be smashed with impunity. She gave me a printed account of the trouble of two friends who had thrashed that matter out in court and had been sustained in their contention for a twenty dollar leeway. I didn't employ that girl. I don't want to impose upon any girl, but I didn't want to hire one who knows that she can smash my best dishes up to \$20 worth and get off without paying damages."—New York Press.

ANCIENT BRIDGES.

Some Built Before the Christian Era Still Standing in China.

Suspension bridges which were built in the time of the Han dynasty (202 B. C. to 220 A. D.) are still standing, striking examples of oriental engineering skill. According to historical and geographical writers of China, it was Shang Liang, Kaen Tzu's chief of command, who undertook to construct the first public roads in the Flowery empire.

At that time it was almost impossible for the province of Shense to communicate with the capital. Liang took an army of 10,000 workmen and cut great gorges through the mountains, filling up the canyons and valleys with the debris from his excavations. At places where deep gorges were traversed by large and rapidly flowing streams he actually carried out his plan of throwing suspension bridges, stretching from one slope to the other.

These crossings, appropriately styled "flying bridges" by early Chinese writers, are high and dangerous looking in the extreme. At the present day a bridge may still be seen in the Shense which is 400 feet long and is stretched over a chasm more than 1,000 feet deep. How those early engineers erected such a structure with the tools and appliances at their command is a mystery which will probably never be explained.

Birds and Insect Life.

Men of science are generally agreed that birds are nature's great check on the excess of insects and that they maintain the balance between plant and insect life. Ten thousand caterpillars, it has been estimated, could destroy every blade of grass on an area of cultivated land. The insect population of a single cherry tree infested with aphides has been estimated by a prominent entomologist at no less than 12,000,000. The bird population of cultivated country districts has been estimated at from 700 to 1,000 per square mile. This is small compared with the number of insects, yet as each bird consumes hundreds of insects every day the latter are prevented from becoming the scourge they would be but for their feathered enemies.—Harper's Weekly.

A Paper Restaurant.

Hamburg, Germany, has an eating house made of paper. Its walls are composed of a double layer of paper stretched on frames and impregnated with a fire and water proof solution. A thin wooden partition affords further protection from the inclemency of the weather. Roofs and walls are fastened together by means of bolts and hinges so that the entire structure may be taken apart and put together again. The dining room itself measures 80 by 6 meters and is capable of accommodating 150 people. There are twenty-two windows and four skylights, and the heating is done by two isolated stoves. A side erection contains the manager's office, kitchen, larder and dwelling room. The total cost was \$250.—Detroit Free Press.

His Alternative.

Even at the tender age of four little Benny was considering his future occupation. "Mamma," he said, "when I'm a man I'm going to have a wagon and drive around collecting ashes."

"Why, Benny," exclaimed his mother in horror, "mamma doesn't want her little boy to be an ash man."

"Well, then," replied Benny with a very self sacrificing air, "I suppose I could collect swill."—Delineator.

An Anomaly.

The average young woman doesn't like to see her thirtieth birthday. Yet when she has seen it she would like to see it again.—Smart Set.

The Pets.

Wifey (at the hotel office)—The clerk says they don't take pets, Algy, so I suppose Fido and you will have to put up in the basement.—Life.

So Feminine.

Lottie—I wouldn't be in Kittie's shoes for anything in the world. Hattie—Of course not. They hurt you terribly.—Harper's Bazar.

OUR FIRST MINT.

Some of the Rules and Regulations That Were in Force There Over a Hundred Years Ago.

The first United States mint at Philadelphia was naturally a very unpretentious affair. The material for coinage was secured from abroad. There was found much difficulty to get any one of experience to operate the coinage, and the salary list of the first mint employees was: David Rittenhouse, director, \$2,000 per annum; Tristram Dalton, treasurer, \$1,200; Henry Volght, colner, \$1,500; Isaac Hugh, clerk, \$312.

The regular coinage of copper began in 1793, silver in 1794 and gold in 1795. The following curious extracts are taken from the mint rules and regulations of the early days:

"The allowance under the name of drink money is hereafter to be discontinued."

"The operations of the mint throughout the year are to commence at 5 o'clock in the morning."

"Christmas day and the Fourth of July—and no other days—are established holidays at the mint."

"He (watchman) will keep in a proper arm chest, securely locked, a musket and bayonet, two pistols and a sword."

"The watchman must attend from 6 o'clock in the evening to 5 o'clock in the morning, must ring the yard bell every hour and send the watchdog through the yard immediately after ringing the bell."

Besides the Philadelphia mint, which is now established in palatial quarters at Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets, there are mints at San Francisco, Denver and New Orleans and an assay office at Carson City.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

It Linked the Twelfth Century With the Eighteenth.

For centuries old London bridge, with its double row of houses, was the home of generations who lived and traded over the Thames waters.

Holbein lived and painted there. Osborne, the pretence lad, leaped through a window in the house of his master, Sir William Hewet, to the rescue of Sir William's daughter, who had fallen into the swollen flood of the river below, and by winning her for his wife laid the foundation of the dual house of Leeds. Crispin Tucker had his shop on the bridge, to which Pope and Swift and many another author of fame made pilgrimages to purchase books and gossip with the waggish shopkeeper. Crocker's Dictionary was printed "at the Looking Glass on London bridge," and gigantic corn mills dominated the south end of the structure, not many yards from the wonderful Nonsuch House, a huge wooden pile with turrets and cupolas brought from Holland.

Such in brief outline was the London bridge which linked the twelfth with the eighteenth century and which when it was on its last tottering legs was removed to give place to its fine successor of our day, the stone in which is said to be "nearly double that employed in building St. Paul's cathedral."—Montreal Standard.

His Danger.

In these days of almost pre-eminent German music and musicians it is rather amusing to read the opinions of former generations concerning Teutonic singers.

Frederick the Great was so impolitely unpatriotic as to declare that he would rather hear the neighing of a horse than the singing of a German prima donna. Perhaps in his day there was some excuse for such a remark, but the times have changed.

There is a diverting anecdote of an Italian who was convinced that no German could sing. A friend induced him to go to the opera where Henriette Sontag sang. After hearing her first aria the Italian got up to go. The friend urged him to stay, assuring him that he would be convinced soon.

"I know it," replied the Italian, "and that's why I go."

Doves and Coronations.

At the ancient ceremonies of coronation of the French kings after the anointing had been performed some white doves were let loose in the church. This was supposed to symbolize the power of the Holy Ghost in directing the king's actions. A similar idea seems to have inspired all early kings, for among the English regalia is the rod of equity or the scepter with the doves. This is simply a golden rod with a mound at the top, which supports a cross. On this cross is a dove, fashioned of white enamel, with expanded wings. Some fine diamonds ornament the rod in various places.

Gender of Garlic.

"Why is garlic masculine gender?" asked the man who markets. "It must be masculine because the green grocers I buy from call it 'he.' They are mostly Italians and ought to know the sex of garlic if anybody does. Of all the vegetables and aromatic herbs I buy garlic is the only one to which masculine virtues are ascribed. Everything else is neuter. To call garlic 'it' would be an insult. The garlic, he is fresh, he is fine, he is cheap, he is dear. Funny, isn't it?"—New York Times.

He Had Quit.

"You say you have quit smoking?"

"Yep; never going to smoke again."

"Then why don't you throw away those cigars?"

"Never! I threw away a box of good cigars the last time I quit smoking, and it taught me a lesson."—Houston Post.

Not what you do, but how you do it, is the test of your capacity.—Studley.

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THE NAPIER BANQUET.

In another column of The Bee will be read with interest the very interesting communication from the Napier Banquet Committee to the Editor of The Bee. It is quite evident that intelligent Negroes are more prone to make blunders and gigantic mistakes than the most ignorant Negroes, as The Bee stated a few weeks ago. The Bee did state in an editorial April 29 that public men should be careful with whom they associate when they come to the city, and that banquets are good when they are given by the proper people, etc. Just why the Banquet Committee having in charge the banquet to Mr. Napier should take the editorial to itself is amusing to The Bee. It reminds the Editor of a story of the Disciples of Christ, when he said that some one of them would betray him. Some person who took the editorial to himself must have been stung. The Bee has the highest respect for Mr. Napier, and it regrets that many of his fool friends have made such a blunder. The Editor never asked, sought or expected an invitation to the banquet, and certainly he has no time to lose by mixing up with many whose names appear on the program. It would have been in better taste to have waited until after the confirmation of Mr. Napier, and then give him a banquet. But, no, there are a few Tennessee Negroes in this city, many of whom belong to the "has-been crowd," who took it into their heads that they must give a banquet to Mr. Napier. It was found out that the Tennessee Negroes, temporarily residing in the city, and many of whom couldn't get away after they came here, were not strong enough in number to give a banquet on their own responsibility, decided to invite other citizens. About six hundred invitations were issued and sent to Tom, Dick and Harry, who are not Tennesseans, to join in the banquet to this distinguished Tennesseean. About 120 or 125 responded, and about 100 out of the 125 paid as guests were present at the banquet last Monday night. Mr. Napier deserved better consideration, but he can only blame his fool friends, who had some surplus air to blow off.

The Bee will leave the incident to the impartial public and readers of The Bee, and ask themselves who is the bigger fool—the Banquet Committee or The Bee—because when the invitation was brought to the office Friday, April 28, by a messenger he requested the manager to see that it was placed in the Editor's hands, as it was important. It may have been to the committee, but not to the Editor of The Bee.

THE BETHEL LITERARY.

The Bee briefly spoke of the attack that one Mr. Manning, of Alabama, made upon Dr. Booker T. Washington at the Bethel Literary Thursday evening, April 27, and the failure of his friends to defend him. No Negro, no matter who he may be, would dare to enter a literary society of supposed culture of white people and attack one of their race. In the first place, a Negro would have better sense to have entered the meeting as a listener.

Some Negroes, no matter how intelligent or educated they may be, are as weak as the most imbecile of their race. If a white man comes among them, no matter what his reputation or character may be, he is generally introduced as a great man. Manning,

who attacked Dr. Washington, is from Alabama, and if he had any standing among his own people in the South he never would mix with Negroes, no matter what their standing may be. This man Manning did not come to the meeting with Editor Trotter. The Bee doubts if he was known to Editor Trotter until he came to the meeting. His harangue was not at all edifying. He did not enlighten the colored people any. Just thing of it. Some of the greatest brains in the country attended the meeting, and sat and listened to a base and cowardly abuse of a man who to-day stands above his traducers. What could the friends of Dr. Washington be thinking about? Were they afraid of the retort of editor of the Guardian? Certainly, he said nothing to which anyone could have taken offense. The insult to the Negroes at this meeting was offered by this white man Manning, who must have been sent to the meeting by some enemy of Dr. Washington. Men who are too cowardly to defend their benefactor because they hold public office ought to resign and go to the woods and saw logs.

When intelligent Negroes permit white men to enter their meetings and abuse a man who is doing all in his power to elevate them are unfit for leadership. If Pinchback, of the old school of politicians, had been present at this meeting there would have been something doing.

The Bee will not say that Dr. Washington has made no mistakes in his life, but the good he has done has outnumbered the mistakes or blunders that he has made. The only serious mistake that he has made, and no doubt he has seen it by now, is the appointment of certain men to office who have no following or standing in the community in which they live, and are too cowardly to defend him when he is attacked. It should have been the duty of his enemies, not only his friends, to have boldly resented the insult of the white Alabamian offered at this meeting of April 25. The presiding officer of the Bethel Literary should have rebuked the speaker and invited others to speak, if there were any who desired to speak. It looked like the whole affair was a frame-up. Frame-up or what not, race pride should have been a sufficient cause for some one to have arisen and resented the imposition of this white intruder.

Just what good the Bethel Literary is to this community The Bee has to reflect.

DURHAM'S GREAT DAY.

From May 19 to May 25, the National Religious Training School at Durham, N. C., will present a program that will be the greatest in the history of the school. Justice Wendell Phillips Stafford, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, will, on Tuesday, May 25, deliver the commencement annual address. The country knows Mr. Justice Stafford to be the true exponent of truth and justice. He is a defender of the rights of the American people, irrespective of color or condition. On the occasion of the annual closing of the school The Bee will issue a special Durham edition, which will contain a synopsis of Judge Stafford's speech, and in full on the Negro question. The colored citizens of Durham, N. C., are thrifty and progressive, and The Bee will inform the country of what they are doing at Durham.

In this special edition will be a history of the greatest insurance companies and other corporations managed and controlled by the colored people. Those who want a copy of the special Durham edition will do well to send in their order now. The work of Dr. James E. Shepard, since the establishment of his propaganda, is most remarkable.

There is no man in the South any more respected and honored than Dr. James E. Shepard. He has given to the colored people South what no other man could give in so short a time. Durham bids fair to be a great educational center, and the teachings at the National Religious Training School will be a benefit to the masses. Suppose there were more men in this country like Dr. Shepard? Suppose every State in the United States had a Shepard? The condition of the colored people would be improved and the relations between the races would be better. Both races at Durham are living in friendship. The white people especially are doing all they can to elevate the poorer classes. There is but little if any race prejudice in Durham. The white people are very friendly toward the colored people, and

they have done and they continue to do for the people and their advancement.

OUR LEADERSHIP.

Have we a leadership? If so, when and what is it? Is the young Negro improving his condition or is he degenerating? Is the so-called educated Negro, under our so-called Negro leadership, exercising any manhood? If so, where is it? Is our Government doing anything to encourage the so-called Negro leadership? If so, what has been its development? Is not the height and ambition of our present leadership for the emolument of office? In short, is not the race being deceived by the trimmers and apologists who constitute our alleged Negro leadership? Is it not the policy of the white man to advance those Negroes who can be used for their own aggrandizement? If we have no leader, where can one be found? If one can be found, what shall be his duty to the race? Are not the representatives of the race being used to prevent the advancement of the race?

DANIEL W. BAKER.

The consensus of opinion among the colored Republicans of the State of Maryland is that ex-United States Attorney Daniel W. Baker is the recognized Republican leader of the 6th Congressional District. The white Republicans of the 6th Congressional District have been uniformly fair and just to the colored Republicans. There are many Republicans who have seen their mistake by the nomination of B. H. Warner, Jr., as the Republican candidate for Congress in that district. The Bee is confident that the colored Republicans have great confidence and faith in such men as Chief Justice Clabaugh, Mr. Justice Gould and Mr. Baker. Mr. Justice Gould is, no doubt, the first Republican of the district to recognize the merits of a colored Republican by appointing one to any kind of a decent place in the courts of this city. Of course, there were other appointments of colored men made, but the best one yet made was by Mr. Justice Gould.

It will be well for the Republican Congressional Committee to see to it that the welfare of the Republican party in the 6th Congressional District be placed in the hands of men in whom the white and colored Republicans have confidence.

MR. HORNER AND CAPTAIN OYSTER.

At a meeting of the Board of Education, two weeks ago, the daily press reports published a report that Captain Oyster, President of the Board of Education, called Mr. Horner down. The Bee wants to state that the relationship between Captain Oyster and Mr. Horner is most pleasant, and the latter has the highest regard and respect for the former. Neither Captain Oyster nor Mr. Horner meant insult. The President stated to Mr. Horner that the meeting of that date was not the time and place for the matter that Mr. Horner wanted to discuss; hence the President, under the rules, ruled it out of order. This was all of the tempest in the teapot that occurred. The Bee knows that Mr. Horner has the highest respect for the President of the Board of Education, and is willing and ready at all times to conform to the rules of the Board of Education.

NOT GUILTY.

(From the Crisis.)

"Next to nothing" is what the Crisis claimed that The Bee said about it. Dr. DuBois must have taken the excerpt from another paper. When the Crisis first made its appearance The Bee paid it a deserving compliment. The Bee again states that the Crisis is a great magazine and should be supported. The Bee is not guilty.

MAJOR CARRINGTON.

Major McDonald Carrington, of the local bar, uncle of Attorney Campbell Carrington, died last week and was buried from the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. Major Carrington was one of the most genial members of the local bar, and a man who was honored and respected by all who knew him. The local bar loses one of its ablest members.

Any kind of a white man is satisfactory to some colored people.

Be careful, and don't write anonymous letters, because you may be convicted and sentenced.

Speaker Champ Clark says that he means to protect the Negro.

This may last until the Democratic party secures the colored vote.

Mr. Clark may be all right, but, O! his party, which is a dangerous proposition.

A good preacher can often force the members of his congregation to admit their guilt.

Colored men must not presume that a sudden elevation will add to their reputation. Now, a fool will presume that you are referring to him.

The A. M. E. Zion Methodist Conference will be one of the most representative bodies that has ever met in this city.

The Bee is the paper for the people, and a strong advocate of right and justice.

When the Duke of Gloucester entered the apartment of the King, suspicion haunted his guilty mind, remarked the Duke. He was right, and it was not long before he was killed.

It is amusing to see a Government employ aspire to social recognition. He loses his head the moment he is made chairman of the committee.

Give some men a little authority, and they will lose their heads. Small men generally do small things.

Rev. Waldron is doing good work for the alley people. If there were more men like him, conditions in the slums would be improved.

The resignation of Bishop Alexander Walters from the National Political Independent League and the election of Mr. Clifford, of West Virginia, may improve conditions. It looks as if Bishop Walters has enough of the Democratic party.

Collector Charles W. Anderson, leader of the New York colored Republican contingent, demonstrated his power at New Rochelle, N. Y., April 27 last when the great Republican organization gave its seventh annual dinner. Mr. Anderson, in his address, paid John E. Bruce a most glowing tribute as a newspaper correspondent.

What I Saw and Heard.

(By Rounder.)

There is a social craze in this city. Some people would be something if they could.

I attended a recent meeting of a social club in this city that is trying to make something out of nothing. A certain speaker endeavored to read a paper on journalism. This so-called journalist has by suffrance been permitted to send occasional letters to certain newspapers. The first class journals in this county edited by colored men, pay no attention to the correspondence of this government laborer. This individual tried to convince the members of this social club that he knew all about newspapers, and yet he has never been able to publish one of his own. Sometime ago he was transferred from one department of the government to the other, but he found the work too distasteful for his fine (?) intellect. So he went to some of the administration friends and begged them for God's sake to give him a better place. He tried to pass the examination for a clerkship but this great journalist (?) of national (?) reputation failed to pass, so he must continue in his shoveling job, and endeavor to instruct real editors how to run their newspapers. He really imagines that he is a journalist.

It is amusing to see how anxious some people crave for social recognition. Many of them have the heartache.

Mr. J. C. Asbey is going to leave this city. I understand that there will be an exodus from the old regime of Odd Fellows to the new organization shortly. Steam-roller methods will be repudiated by the more intelligent men of the order. The alleged Supreme Court of Odd Fellows is a kind of pension position for the old "has-beens."

Speaker Champ Clark is worried to death by colored Democrats. He finds they are harder to handle than the simon-pure white Democrats. If you look a Negro Democrat in the face, you will see that he looks like a Seventh Day Adventist.

If the Democratic party wins in 1912, there will be a shake up. Those who hope for Democratic success will see a difference in existing conditions.

Bishop Alexander Waters has hopes. He is of the opinion that the Democratic party South will repeal "Jim Crow" legislation. Let us hope. When the Democrats South repeal all "Jim Crow" laws, all the white people in the United States will allow any negro to marry their daughters.

In a few days there will be some change somewhere.

E. Murray.

If you want first-class ice cream, good meals, parties, balls and receptions served, Mr. Murray will give you an estimate on application. First-class meals at the well known caterer served, 1216 U street northwest.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

After consulting the clairvoyant, I find that John Nalle is the victim of circumstances, for this particular week. John was born in the early period of his existence. He began life by teaching school, and that was about a year before Caesar crossed the Rubicon. He acquired the prefix of "Professor" through custom. Everything else he acquired by appropriation. If I were called upon to write a sketch of John Nalle for "Who's Who in Gossipville," and was limited to a paragraph, the foregoing would constitute the few desultory lines. But that would hardly be sufficient to blanket this tall sycamore of the Potomac in the fame brigade. To be exact to a penny, John Nalle began teaching when he had reached the age of sixteen years, and he had reached that age when old Noah was calling off the animals two by two. By that time he had passed through the graded schools (and I use the word "passed" advisedly), and had a dim conception of the perspective lines of a high school building. A call was made for teachers, and John, being patriotic in every fiber of his six-foot-two, bareheaded, barefooted, coatless and trouserless, dashed down the line and answered "Here's a conscript, hire me." And he was hired without measurement or examination. Otherwise, he would now be doing something else. While John has risen from an ordinary teacher to be supervisor by title, really, honors have not come to him without a skirmish. About a year or so ago John was in hot water up to his neck line, and it looked, for a few days, as though he might be dropped in the rathskeller. He got busy, though, pulled all the strings he could grab, caught at every straw that blew, even bowed in humble supplication before the female member of the board, whom he had been used to giving the stony stare. She got busy, too, forgot the babies cry for Castoria, so did the pupils in the public schools sigh for John Nalle. He's a popular favorite with them. He's a popular favorite with everyone. Always has a pleasant word and a two-by-two smile that's contagious. Long after the day when Old Gabe has blown his trumpet to announce the time for benevolent assimilation, John Nalle will be teaching or supervising right here in Washington. He's still a young man, for when Cornwallis surrendered, and an inventory was taken of the dejected red coats, there was a Lieut. John Nalle on the roster of the king's lanciers, and as no question has ever been raised as to the disguise of Lieut. John Nalle, the belief is general that our own six-foot-two supervisor is one and the same person. He simply dropped the title of Lieutenant and appropriated the title of Professor instead. There's many a worse fellow than John Nalle, and a mighty few fellows who come as fine as the hard-working supervisor. Although he has been in the schools since the time of the Aztecs, he still looks like a fleecy-lined youth, not more than forty-five vegeated Summers and intermittent Winters. Long live long John Nalle.

When Eve tempted Adam with a little ripe, juicy, red figurative apple there was a trio of young bloods in the garden of Eden who were making goo-goo eyes at the lady gowned in a few dried fig leaves. One of these fellows was Jerome Johnson. Now Jerome, while frequently placed in the category of "has-beens," along with the strong pipe Dick Tompkins, he, Jerome, is about the liveliest "has-been" that ever blew the "cuff" off a stein of Babst. Jerome is a queer make-up, but a royal good fellow. There ain't much ostentation about him, and less of something else. He can make a good talk, when there's no one to compete with him. One of his hobbies is to resuscitate the dying Men's Club of St. Luke's Church. Jerome has been trying to put a little elixir into that organization. If he could transfuse some of the elixir he takes himself into the other members he would have a corking club, and one to be proud of. But somehow or another he can't revive the thing. Jerome is the busiest man on the town plan. He's a character, and one whom everybody likes. A strict observant of Lent, when sound asleep, he gloriously moves down the avenue the cynosure of all eyes. What would Washington do without Jerome Johnson? You might as consistently ask What would Bob Allen do without his colored patronage?

It is rumored that Ralph Tyler has been away from Washington for more than two weeks doing a gum-shoe stunt out in the wild and woolly West. It is said the black cabinet suspended its sessions until he returns. I asked one of them the other day when the lantern-jawed, spindle-leg Ohioan would return, and no one seems to know when, nor where he's at. They say he's constantly on the move from town to town, and the last heard of him he was headed for the cornfields of Kansas, having swept across the prairies of Illinois. What's the talent he's hunting for, and what's the game he's playing?

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS.

The Seventh Annual Dinner at New Rochelle—Great Speeches.

New Rochelle, N. Y., April 27. The seventh annual dinner of the New Rochelle Republican Club was held at the Hotel New Rochelle. One of the best speakers of the race has ever produced, he compares favorably with the most prominent speakers of the white race. In a speech that was

teeming with wit, humor and philosophy, he gave the best defense of the Republican party that has been heard in these parts for many a day. He referred to Mr. Harper's statement that there were a few Democrats in the hall and said he was glad they were present and that he wished to address himself to them in particular. "Christ came on earth not to save the righteous, but to save the wicked," said Mr. Anderson, "and as long as the light holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return."

It would be difficult to describe in words the exact effect of Mr. Anderson's speech on his hearers. At one moment he would have them convulsed with laughter and at the next moment they would be cheering. And then there were moments of profound silence as he depicted in his own masterful way the wrongs of his people. His comparison of the records of the Colored Republican Club of New Rochelle, N. Y., took place April 26th. It was the most distinguished gathering of colored Republicans that was ever held in this State. Many distinguished white Republicans were present. Among a few of the toasts responded to were as follows:

When Hon. Charles W. Anderson was introduced to respond to the toast, "The Republican party," he was greeted with prolonged applause and the applause was followed by three lusty cheers. It is not necessary to two great parties on the race question was enough to convert any wayward Negro who may have strayed from the fold. If there was any part of his speech more appreciated than the rest it was his reference to the adjustment of the differences among the Negro Republicans of Westchester County. He complimented the Negro Republicans of the county for getting together under the leadership of Mr. Paul H. Bray and urged them to stay together. He declared his confidence in the leadership of Hon. W. L. Ward and advised the Negro voters to stand by Mr. Ward and to stand by Mr. Bray in his efforts to carry out Mr. Ward's instructions. Mr. Anderson paid a glowing tribute to the literary abilities of Mr. John E. Bruce, of Yonkers, whom he has known many years. He characterized Mr. Bruce as one of the best equipped newspaper correspondents in America, and pointed with pride to his upright life and sterling Republicanism. At the close of his speech Mr. Anderson was cheered loudly by his appreciative audience. The only regret of the diners was that he did not speak all night.

Following Mr. Anderson the toastmaster called for Mr. Samuel J. Davis, the busiest man in New Rochelle, who was to respond to the toast, "Our Club." Mr. Davis was cheered heartily when he took the floor near one of the side tables, and was compelled to go to the front. He stated as the hour was late and he was very much exhausted by hard work he would not attempt to handle his allotted subject in the usual way. He had letters of regret from Judge Samuel Swineburne, Edward S. Griffin and others, which he read, stating that this could be considered his substitute for a speech.

Mr. George E. Webcan, of Brooklyn, responded to the toast, "Organization." Mr. Webcan is a man of gigantic stature and appears to be an organization in himself. He is also a splendid talker and his speech was highly appreciated.

Mr. John E. Bruce, of Yonkers, responded to the toast, "The Negro Press." No better man could have been selected for this subject. Mr. Bruce has had thirty years' experience as a writer and journalist and while not an orator, he can wield a pen with telling effect. He told the people things about Negro journalism that they had never known before. His address was historic and instructive and merited the appreciation it received.

It was not until the light began to break in the eastern sky that the last of the guests departed from the hall, talking with them the pleasant memories of a delicious menu and an inspiring race gathering.

Hartford, Conn., May 4, 1911.

(Special to The Bee.)

Assistant United States Attorney James A. Cobb, of the Department of Justice and of the United States At-



torney's office, is in the city, and argued a case in court today. After his argument he was highly congratulated by the members of the bar. Attorney Cobb is a man qualified and well known to the legal fraternity of this city. He will be entertained on Monday evening at a stag reception.

Ask for Estimates.

W. Calvin Chase, Jr., manager and proprietor of the Triangle Job Department at office of The Washington Bee, 1109 Eye street northwest, has just purchased from the American Type Founders Co. a large stock of new type. He is prepared to do any and all kinds of job printing at the shortest notice. Call or phone, Main 4078, or North 2642Y. Office, 1109 Eye street northwest.

Hair Pomade.

Ladies, your own hair is much better and handsomer than fake hair. If you have not long, wavy hair, try Ford's Hair Pomade; get it at your druggist's. Be sure and get Ford's, with the name of Charles Ford written on the package.



The lure of Spring is bringing hundreds of happy promenaders along the popular Fourteenth street thoroughfare, and as usual, they fall in at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1/2 Fourteenth street, "the place where everybody meets everybody else," or you see them enjoying those delicious sodas at Ninth and You streets, the popular "Lookout Corner" of Board & McGuire.

Mr. Reuben F. Haynes has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. John Favor, in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Miss Florence Smith was a guest at her home in Dorchester, Mass., during Easter week.

Many social functions were given in honor of Miss Lillian Evans during her stay in Boston, recently, as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Butler R. Wilson.

Misses Mattie Childs and Gertrude Smith, had a pleasant stay in Philadelphia recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Gardner have moved from Philadelphia to this city. Miss Anna Murdock was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Lee in Philadelphia last week.

Mrs. Nomah Curtis was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John Jones while in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Julia A. Shaw was the recent guest of her parents in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Anna Tubman Wright and Miss Emma J. Burrell visited friends in Bethlehem, Pa., last week.

Mrs. Harry Williams, of Philadelphia, Pa., was a visitor here last week.

Mrs. Nellie Williams, of Geneva, Switzerland, is here on a visit.

J. Raynor Jackson is in New York.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

Misses Helen and Minnie Henry have returned to Snow Hill, Md., after a pleasant trip to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Johnson were recent visitors in Baltimore.

Mrs. Walter Singleton was royally entertained during her visit to Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. J. C. Dancy spent a few hours in Harrisburg, Pa., last week, while enroute home from Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. Almolier B. Gillespie has gone to Atlantic City for an indefinite stay.

Mr. William Scott recently visited Newark, N. J.

Mr. W. H. Leigh is in Suffolk, Va.

Col. Henry Lincoln Johnson is in Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Blanch K. Ferguson entertained in honor of friends on Monday evening at her residence in Wallach Place N. W. Covers were laid for the following guests: Misses Irving, Pierceson, Smackum, Green, Mason, Syphax and Foster. Messrs. Carson, Cooper, Williams and Joyce, Mr. and Mrs. Neuman and Mr. and Mrs. Schenck. The evening was joyously spent.

Dr. Morse has the finest assortment of candies and toilet articles that can be purchased anywhere in the city.

Mr. Booker T. Washington has been invited to be one of the principal speakers at the National Sunday School Convention, to be held at San Francisco, June 20th.

Master Anthony M. Sanders is visiting his brother, Mrs. R. S. Allen, in Minneapolis, Minn.

A musical was given at St. Luke's P. E. Church on Sunday evening last, in interest of the Young Women's Christian Association.

The attendance was large. The following program was rendered:

1. Processional
2. Selection
3. "The Psalmist".....Vandewater
4. Solo—"It is Enough".....Mendelsohn
5. "The Ninety and Nine".....Campion
6. Solo.....Dr. Sumner Wormley
7. "I will Lift up Mine Eyes".....Edward Marz
8. "He shall Feed His Flock".....Handel
9. Recessional

Don't pass Morse's Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest.

Assistant United States Attorney General James A. Cobb left the city this week for Hartford, Conn., on legal business. Mr. Cobb will return today.

Dr. James L. Shepard, of Durham, N. C., was in the city this week enroute to Durham, N. C.

Mr. Aaron Gaskins, who was injured some time ago, is almost himself again.

Among the Washingtonians at the Assembly in Baltimore last week were Mr. Scurlock, Prof. C. L. Davis, Misses Tyson, Clarkson and Perry.

Miss Blanche Wright will entertain Monday evening in honor of Mrs. Stella Majors and Miss Estelle Arnold, of Chicago, Ill., in Room 10, True Reformers' Hall.

Mr. Ira T. Bryan, of Nashville, Tenn., is in our city this week.

Mrs. Jessie Pryor, of Jersey City, N. J., is visiting friends here.

Dr. Morse, who has the finest drug store in the West End, also has the best prescription compounder. Dr. Morse, who is also a registered pharmacist, never makes a mistake. Call 19th and L streets northwest.

Mrs. Alice E. Hall left the city with her son Saturday night for Jersey City,

Insult to a Negro Audience.

May 1, 1911.
Editor The Bee: The White man imported here from the South to speak against Booker T. Washington and his work, before Bethel Literary last week, was not insulting to Mr. Washington, nor his friends, neither being present; but, he did offer a gross insult to that Negro audience when he referred to Mr. Washington as he did.



MAJOR CHARLES R. DOUGLASS DEFENDS DR. WASHINGTON.

Mr. Washington, in spite of his enemies, is the foremost Negro in America today.

Any insult based upon lies, directed at him, to a Negro audience, is an insult to them, and should have been resented by them on the spot. Every Negro man, woman and child above the age of 16 years, present at that meeting partook of that insult, and took it without a murmur of dissent, so if there is any chagrin felt it should rest with those present, and partakers of the feast. The menu was no doubt carefully prepared beforehand.

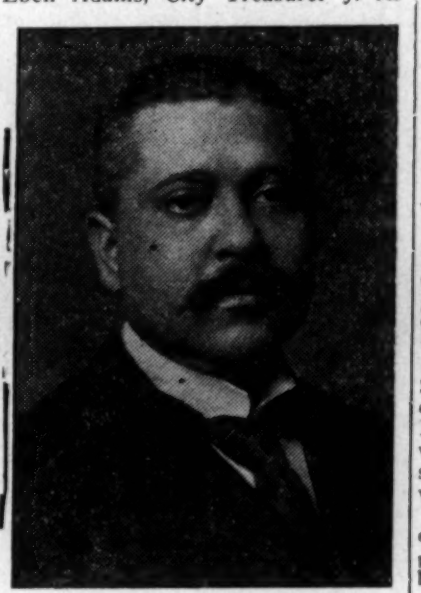
CHAS. R. DOUGLASS.

Collector Anderson Honored.

New York City, April 27.
The Colored Republican Club of the city of New Rochelle gave its seventh annual dinner on Tuesday evening, April 25th, at League Hall, which is owned by the Colored Co-operative League of that city. Collector Charles W. Anderson was the guest of honor, and one of the features of this dinner was the number of white Republican officials who turned out to honor Mr. Anderson.

Nearly two hundred guests sat down, and among them being the following:

Mayor H. E. Colwell, Hon. Henry Scherp, sheriff of West Chester County; Judge Samuel Swinburne, Tax Collector John J. O'Brien, Ex-Mayor Henry S. Clark, Postmaster Eben Adams, City Treasurer J. Al-



bert Maltstadt, Superintendent of Schools, Doctor Albert Lenard, County Supervisor Merritt, Inspector of Post offices John M. Parson, and several members of the Board of Aldermen. Mayor Colwell responded to the toast "Our City," and Sheriff Scherp to that of "Our County." The officers of the club are: J. Howard Harper, president; B. S. Howard, vice-president; Joseph Bullock, Treasurer; William J. Brown, Secretary, and Samuel J. Davis, chairman of the executive committee.

President Taft Banqueted.

New York City, April 27.
Mr. Taft recalled that promise in his speech, saying in his opening sentences that he was there to keep the promise. The dinner was given by the Hungarian American Republican Club for the President, and his speech was principally in praise of the Hungarians and the valuable citizens they made for America. He said that he was glad to know a race that could master a language so difficult that they could easily learn all other languages, and he was glad to see them amalgamate with the many other races that came to this country to make the typical American.

Introduced by Sulzer.

Representative Sulzer had introduced the President with many glowing words of praise, to which Mr. Taft replied that he was glad to meet his hosts as members of the Hungarian American Republican Club, and he was especially glad to know that there was so many Hungarian Republicans, though they had listened to the siren voice of Mr. Sulzer.

Referring again to Mr. Sulzer and his speech of welcome, the President said that it had given him great pleasure to hear the words of Mr. Sulzer, who had come deservedly to head the Foreign Relations Committee of the House of Representatives. Mr. Sulzer had said that politics were not always played in Washington, only 5 per cent of the time.

There might be some difference of opinion on the percentage, but when questions of delicacy in the foreign relations of this country arose and the interests of the country hung in the balance politics were forgotten and all were Americans. Nobody in Washington illustrated this principle better or more recently than had Mr. Sulzer, the President added.

The President ended his speech with a toast to "Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary." Marcus Braun, president of the club, was the toastmaster.

W. Calvin Chase, Jr. Nathan Nesbit
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Among the guests at the dinner

were Baron von Hengelmuller de Hengevar, the Austrian Ambassador; Alexander de Nuber, the Austrian Consul General; J. Van Vechten Olcott, Lloyd C. Griscom, the Rev. Dr. J. Wesley Hill, William Williams, Commissioner of Immigration; William Barnes, jr., John Hays Hammond, Oscar S. Straus, William Loeb, jr., Collector of the Port; James S. Clarkson, Judge Otto A. Rosalsky, Julius M. Mayer, General Nelson H. Henry, Congressman Henry M. Goldfogle, Charles W. Anderson, Major Archibald Butt, aid to the President; Julius Harburger, Samuel S. Koenig, Ogden L. Mills, Henry L. Stimson and Congressman William Sulzer.

Representative Sulzer, who made the speech of welcome to the President, said that it was especially gratifying to him to welcome Mr. Taft and to do it for the Hungarian Republican Club, whom he numbered among his constituents, though they were not of his political faith.

A crowd of 5,000 persons waited outside the Cafe Boulevard to see the President. It was not until 10:45 o'clock that the automobile in which he rode with Major Butt, and the escorting cars filled with Secret Service men, reached the cafe. The crowd cheered loudly while the President was in view, but he hurried inside, after bowing repeatedly, and made his way to a reception room on the second floor, where for a few minutes he was busy meeting his hosts and the large number of politicians who had gathered to meet him.

The meeting was notable for the number of politicians of local and national fame who were present to shake the President's hand. Among them were Collector William Loeb, Ex-Congressman Herbert Parsons, James F. Clarkson, Judge Rosalsky, Ex-Attorney General Julius M. Mayer, William Barnes, jr., William Bennett, Congressman Sulzer and Goldfogle, William Williams, Immigration Commissioner; Lloyd C. Griscom, Marcus Braun, President of the Republican Club; Controller Prendergast, Charles H. Anderson, Samuel S. Koenig and Max F. Grifenhagen, the Austrian Ambassador, Baron L. Hengelmuller de Hengevar, and the Austro-Hungarian Consul General, Alexander de Nuber, were also present.

The dinner was given in the President's honor by the Hungarian Republican Club, and although it did not begin until after 11 o'clock a full course dinner of Hungarian dishes was served.

There were several decorations in special honor of the President at the dinner. Gustav Weber, head of the Hungarian colony in Florida, sent a white elephant made of carnations, which was hung over the table in front of him. Mr. Weber sent also an orange tree, which stood behind the President, and back of his chair was hung an oil painting of himself draped with American and Hungarian flags.

Marcus Braun presided and after a short speech introduced Congressman William Sulzer, Democratic representative of the district, as a man who has led them against their will for years and yet whom they liked and respected. Mr. Sulzer spoke briefly, tendering the President a hearty welcome and declaring:

"I call on the records to show that I have voted for President Taft's Grifenhagen more frequently than some of the men in his party."

President Taft made a characteristic speech, complimenting the Magyar Americans and telling of the interest he had taken in an interview with Count Apponyi on his recent visit here.

It was after 1:30 o'clock before the President left the table, and the diners cheered him loudly as he went from the room. His automobile was waiting, and in it he was hurried to his hotel.

Sixth Annual Meet.

(By Sporting Editor.)
The sixth annual field and track meet of the Inter-Scholastic Athletic Association promises to be the best ever held in Washington. The scholastic events are championship games, and are therefore scratch contests, but open events are handicapped so that all athletes who enter will have a chance to win. Older boys and men who have never won a running prize in open games will compete in a 100 yard dash from scratch. There will be no high hurdle event and but one high jump. Elementary school boys in many sections are training for the championship competition in their class. A newly designed medal will be given this year, which is far more attractive than the former I. S. A. medal.

All athletes are advised to enter training at once for these games as entry blanks will be out soon and entries will close on May 20th.

For blanks and information, write E. B. Henderson, M St. High School, Washington, D. C.

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CONCERTS SUNDAY NIGHT—EVERYTHING NEW—10 CTS.

Are You Watching?

Come and See Our

MAY Pole CARNIVAL

15th Street Presbyterian Church May 19

A glance at the daily newspapers will show that Negro athletes are coming to the front. Two Division Athletic Leagues of the P. S. A. L. have baseball going in full blast, and our miniature Johnsons, Lajoies and Cobbs are traveling in style.

The thirteenth and twelfth division leagues are a week ahead of the other division leagues, but the eleventh and tenth baseball teams will move along in great style when they once get to going.

Standing—12 D. A. L. Teams.	
	W. L.
Logan	2 0
Payne	1 0
Jones	1 0
Douglass	1 1
Deanwood	0 0
Smoots	0 0
Lovejoy	0 1
Abby Simmons	0 1
Banneker	0 1
Ivy City	0 1

Committee plans are maturing to make the athletic features on July 4th better and larger than last year's games. The games this year will be handicap games instead of scratch events as were held formerly and a larger number of entries are expected owing to the better chance of winning for those who are not top-notchers in their lines.

Break events and spectacular events will be cut out and regular track and field events will be featured. Baltimore city entries ran up to the 1200 mark last year, and will be surpassed on this occasion. Our games should attract as well.

The track events for colored boys will be held on the campus of Howard University at 2 o'clock p. m., while swimming events will take place at the bathing beach in the morning.

Special attention is called to the fact that no entry fee will be charged and that all persons are invited free to both sets of events.

The events for the track and field games are: Junior events (all scratch); 50 yard dash (open to all athletes weighing 95 pounds and under); 75 yard dash (open to athletes weighing 120 pounds and under); standing broad jump (open to athletes weighing 120 pounds and under. Senior events, open handicap—100 yard dash, novice; 100 yard dash, 220 yard dash, 440 yard dash, 880 yard run, mile run and running broad jump.

Athletes must be registered in the I. S. A. A. to compete in the open events.

Three hundred dollars' worth of medals of gold, silver and bronze will be ordered for the municipal games within a few days, the matter being in the hands of the committee on medals and badges. The seal of the District of Columbia will be the basis for the design on the face of the medals. The inscription "Municipal Games, July 4, 1911," will appear on the reverse of the medals, and there will be a space on which to engrave the winner's name and the name of the event.

The committees appointed are as follows: committee on medals and badges—D. E. Garges, chairman, and Spencer Bliss, James O'Shea and E. B. Henderson.

Committee on printing—W. C. Thatcher, chairman, and G. W. Holland, C. L. Harding and T. L. Fortune.

Committee on equipment—Dr. W. B. Hudson, chairman, and J. T. Meade, T. E. Stokes, William P. Bowie and William Tindall.

Press committee—W. G. Stuart, chairman, and William Peet, J. Ed. Gullo, Joe S. Jackson and Thomas Kirby.

Committee on Howard campus events—E. B. Henderson, chairman, and Lewis Johnson, G. C. Wilkinson, J. M. Saunders and G. S. Wormley.

H. B. Diamond, of Howard Academy, Washington, D. C., has returned with the biggest share of the honors competed for at the Smart Set games



DR. GEO. W. CABANISS.

Eminent Physician and Surgeon.

physician in the medical profession. He is highly appreciated and honored by the medical profession. Dr. Cabaniss resides with his wife, who is a very entertaining and enterprising helpmate, and his adopted daughter at 1744 K street northwest, one of the most fashionable neighborhoods in the city. He ranks among the leaders of his profession, and had it not been for the selfish ambition of his supposed friends, he would have been president of the National Medical Association of the United States.

The Making of Lenses.
The essential part of any device for the study of the starry millions—the sun, planets, comets and the nebulae that are perhaps new worlds in the making—is the lens or the optical train that consists of a series of lenses. It is this that makes the modern science of astronomy possible. There is absolutely no other human occupation that requires the accuracy of observation and the delicacy of touch that are requisite for the making of the finest lenses. These are the most perfect products of human hands. It may convey some idea of the labor required in the making of a large lens to say that at least one year's time is required for the grinding and polishing of a thirty inch object glass. A little lens two inches in diameter requires the unremitting care and attention of a skilled workman for two or three days. It is easy, then, to see why it is that even lenses of high class photographic work are costly. A forty inch object glass for a large telescope cannot be made in much less than four years' time, and if everything does not go just right it may require much longer than that.—Kansas City Star.

Persian Jests.
An exceedingly ugly man, says the Persian Joe Miller, was once in the mosque, asking pardon of Allah for his sins and praying to be delivered from the fires of hell. One who overheard his prayers said to him: "Wherefore, O friend, wouldst thou cheat hell of such a countenance? Art thou reluctant to burn up a face like that?" Another story the Persian jester tells is that a certain person with a hideous nose was once on a time wooing a woman. Describing himself to her and trying to make an attractive picture, he said, "I am a man devoid of lightness and frivolity, and I am patient in bearing afflictions!"

"Aye," said the woman. "Wert thou not patient in bearing afflictions thou hadst never endured thy nose these forty years!"
All of which is more witty than kind.—Harper's.

Bohemians and Wedding Rings.
"Here are two wedding rings that I have just made over," said the jeweler. "They are for Bohemian women. They lost their own rings, so they had their husbands' rings cut down to fit. That is a custom in their country. Both husband and wife wear wedding rings there. If the man loses his ring he has to buy a new one, but if the woman loses hers she wears her husband's. I do a good deal of that kind of work. Other women who lose wedding rings just buy another one and say nothing about it, but these women are too conscientious for that. Usually I have to make the man's ring smaller, but once in awhile it has to be spliced to make it fit. The women are always considerably chagrined over the splicing and offer all kinds of explanations to account for their big fingers."—New York Sun.

The Roulette Ball.
That capricious little ball that decides our fortunes at the ever fascinating game of roulette at Monte Carlo occasionally flies from the skillful croupier's hand, though not often. One afternoon it slipped from its manipulator's fingers and found its way into an Englishman's coat pocket. So impressed was the Englishman that he promptly lost a couple of hundred pounds. But the little ball once found a far stranger destination than that. Escaping from the croupier's hand, it flew straight into the mouth of a German onlooker, and he was so impressed that he promptly swallowed it.—London Byrstander.

Tea in Paraguay.
When the natives of Paraguay drink tea they do not pour it from a teapot into a cup, but fill a gourd made out of a pumpkin or gourd and then suck up the hot liquid through a long reed. Moreover, the tea which they use is altogether different from that which comes from China, being made out of dried and roasted leaves of a palm-like plant which grows in Paraguay and southern Brazil. The natives say that this tea is an excellent remedy for fever and rheumatism.

Sparrowgrass.
It is stated that a well known riddle was written by a cormorant. The riddle in question is a charade and runs as follows:
My first's a little bird as 'tops;
My second's a useful 'in 'ay crops;
My 'ole is good with mutton chops.
The answer, of course, is "sparrowgrass," which the learned Dr. Parr always insisted on using in preference to the politer "asparagus."—London Notes and Queries.

A Real Poet.
"Poetry," said the literary girl, "is the art of expressing intense feeling in figurative speech."
"In that case," replied Miss Cayenne, "the man who writes baseball news is sure a poet."—Washington Star.

She Wanted to Know.
Bridegroom—Now that we are married, darling, we must have no more secrets from each other. Bride—Then tell me truly, Jack, how much did you really pay for that engagement ring?
—Illustrated Bits.

She Was Numerous.
"I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man. "Funny, isn't it?" commented the clerk. "That makes 1,300 licenses for that girl this season."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as of being so oneself.—Sir Arthur Helps.

There were 1,177 persons killed and 9,067 injured on the steam railroads of Pennsylvania, and 187 killed and 4,116 hurt on electric lines during the year of 1910.

It has been suggested to name the proposed New York to Montreal international highway in honor of President Taft and the late King Edward, in recognition of their efforts in the cause of peace.

The first lighthouse for airships has just been erected on the top of a railway building at Spandau, Germany. It consists of thirty-eight powerful electric lamps, which give a glaring light skyward, the purpose of which is to guide the airships of the German army at night.

The report which originated in Dallas, Texas, that Booker T. Washington and a number of Northern Negroes would try to gain a controlling interest in the International and Great Northern Railroad, was denied by his secretary, Emmett J. Scott.

There has been placed in Illinois State Historical Society a log found by a Mr. Morgan, bearing the inscription: "A. Lincoln, March 7, 1832." Mr. Morgan is of the opinion the log was originally carved by Lincoln himself.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has ordered a new postal card of cream color, printed in red ink. The new cards will cost approximately \$65,000 more than those now in use. Last year 871,318,000 postal cards were issued at a cost of \$275,000, or \$84,000 more than the previous year.

The will of the late Dr. Walter Remsey Brinkerhoff, a young Harvard professor, whose bride of a year died while he was studying leprosy in a leper colony in Hawaii, leaves his estate to his son; if the son does not survive, two-fifths of the property will go to Harvard to found a memorial for his wife. The value of the estate Prof. T. J. J. See, Government as-

tronomer, in charge of the naval observatory at Mare Island, Cal., says living beings exist where the stars twinkle.

Last Saturday was the first day in three years without a request for a marriage license. Cupid was resting.

April is also a month of an illustrious birth. According to the parochial register William Shakespeare was born April 23, 1564.

Native born American women have fewer children than those of any other nationality, according to figures compiled by the Department of Commerce and Labor, while the Polish women show the most.

The first railway in Japan, connecting Tokio and Yokohama, was opened in 1875. Since then new lines have been completed in many directions, and it is possible for the people to travel from extreme south to the northern boundary, a distance of over a thousand miles.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE NEGRO.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912.

For some years past I have had in mind to invite here from different parts of the world—from Europe, Africa, the West Indies and North and South America—persons who are actively interested or directly engaged as missionaries, or otherwise, in the work that is going on in Africa and elsewhere for the education and up-building of Negro peoples.

For this purpose it has been determined to hold at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912, a little more than a year from this time, an international conference on the Negro. Such a conference as this will offer the opportunity for those engaged in any kind of service in Af-

rica, or the countries above mentioned, to become more intimately acquainted with the work and the problems of Africa and these other countries. Such a meeting will be valuable and helpful, also, in so far as it will give opportunity for a general interchange of ideas in organizing and systematizing the work of education of the native peoples in Africa and elsewhere and the preparation of teachers for that work. Wider knowledge of the work that each is doing should open means of co-operation that do not now exist.

The object of calling this conference at Tuskegee Institute is to afford an opportunity for studying the methods employed in helping the Negro people of the United States, with a view of deciding to what extent Tuskegee and Hampton methods may be applied to conditions in these countries, as well as to conditions in Africa.

It is hoped that numbers of people representing the different governments interested in Africa and the West Indies, as well as representatives from the United States and the countries of South America, will decide to attend this conference. Especially is it urged that missionary and other workers in these various countries be present and take an active part in the deliberations of the conference.

It is desirable, in any case, to have any suggestions as to what might be done to make the work of the conference more helpful to all concerned. The names of persons who would like to be present, with whom you are acquainted, will be appreciated, and through you they are invited to be present and take part in the deliberations of the conference.

Those who come to Tuskegee properly accredited will be welcomed and entertained as guests of the institution, and will be under no expense during their stay here.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

River Queen.
The River Queen is a safe as well as clean boat. It is the boat for the people. Up-to-date service will be given to all patrons of this boat. Every wharf where the boat lands is safe, and the parks are well lighted and the people well protected from the weather. Select your date now. Office at wharf.

The Analysis.
"Did you have the soil of your back yard analyzed by the agricultural department?"
"Yes. They said it consisted largely of glass, tin and putty, with traces of builder's lime, and suggested that it might do to raise a mortgage on it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Great Achievement.
"And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?"
"Collecting the bills," promptly responded the great practitioner.—London Spare Moments.

Especially in the Subways.
"There ain't but one trouble with this here city air," said Uncle Rufe, sniffing the atmosphere speculatively; "it do need ventilatin'."—Holland's Magazine.

His Reason.
"Why do you always leave the house, James, when I begin to sing the old songs?" pouted Mrs. Howitt.
"Fresh air," said Howitt.—Harper's Weekly.

He who has the truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.—Ruskin.

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A Gastronomic Joy.
Of all the superb victuals which, by their great variety and unique collocation, make Maryland the Eden and Arcadia of every man who loves good eating, the planked shad is probably the most powerful and poignant in its appeal to the senses. The wild duck, though it sets the palate to vibrating like an aeolian harp, has no thrill for the eye. It is a small and unlovely bird of a dull color and ungraceful outline. So, too, the diamond back terrapin. It has no more beauty in death than a plate of soup. And certain other exquisite delicatessen, for all their sweetness, do not soothe the sense of smell. Of such are the raw oyster, the boiled hard crab and the Magdhy river cabbage. But the planked shad—ah, here we come to a delicacy which enchants us alike through the eyes, the palate and the nose! As it comes upon the table it has the imperial dignity of a Charlemagne. Its noble head moves one to reverence; the epicycloid curve of its tail is like the curl of a great comb upon a coral beach. And it radiates a perfume as of Araby.—Baltimore Sun.

Water Under Deserts.
Some of the most curious phenomena of the world are the underground water supplies beneath deserts. In the Rajputana deserts water is held in vast quantities in sandstone beds under the scorched surface and is drawn up from wells sunk into the strata. Bikaner raises its walls in the midst of a weary, almost rainless waste of sand and depends on these hidden cisterns for its very existence. Whence it comes, where is the outfall and what quantity runs under the baked sand remain a mystery. In one well at Bikaner it has been ascertained that the water supply is equal to 20,000 gallons an hour, which is held to point to the conclusion that there is an enormous subterranean flow and that the snow fed rivers of the Himalayas must be the source. People in Bikaner say that pieces of wood dropped into one well have come up in another. The idea of an underground river opens up a wide range of possibilities to the imagination.—Times of India.

Dashing Into Danger.
"When I was younger," a big Broadway traffic cop remarked, "I used to cuss at everybody who insisted on dashing across the street in front of a car or truck. I cuss the act still, but not the person. Fact is, I've learned that a majority of people just can't help it. An approaching vehicle about to cross their path is like a red rag to a bull. It's a sort of challenge, a dare. And the impulse to defeat its purpose can't be controlled. There isn't any plan of action. It's a case of dash first and think afterward, and sometimes, of course, the thinking is done in a hospital."

It's a Sort of Disease of the Nerves.
I guess, because the head of a business house will do this foolish thing just as quick as his errand boy will. But the cop and the driver are to blame whenever there's a miscalculation."—New York Globe.

Fenced In.
Near Harvard square, in Cambridge, stands the old elm under which Washington first took command of the American army. Around this tree is an iron picket fence inclosure perhaps a couple of rods across. One night a man who had imbibed too freely stumbled against this circular fence. Grasping one picket after another, he groped his way painfully round and round the outside of the inclosure about a dozen times. Finally he sank down in utter despair. "Oh, ain't it awful—fenced in and no gate to get out of it!" said he as a party of students rescued him and took him home.—National Monthly.

A Memory of Edwin Booth.
My season with Edwin Booth was delightful. I found him one of the kindest and pleasantest men of the profession. He also possessed what I consider a great quality—simplicity of manner. Some stars have the idea that it is necessary to be haughty and inaccessible with the members of their companies. They put on airs. They like to crush their fellow actors and pose as a kind of divinity before them.—From Mme. Modjeska's "Memoirs" in Century.

A Story of Robespierre.
The story is told of Robespierre that at one time when at the height of his power a lady called upon him, beseeching him to spare her husband's life. He scornfully refused. As she turned away she happened to tread upon the paw of his pet dog. He turned upon her and asked, "Madam, have you no humanity?"

On the Safe Side.
"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of '77."
"Certainly, my boy. What for?"
"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."—Buffalo Express.

The Advantage.
Tenant—Look here, that house I took from you is extremely damp. House Agent (bluntly)—Well, don't you see the great advantage of that? If it gets on fire it won't burn.

Right and Wrong.
Things should not be done by halves. If it is right, do it boldly; if it is wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

A really great man is known by three signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution and moderation in success.—Bismarck.

Happiness in Sleep.
I saw once how like sleep was to life in the deep waters. A man who to my waking eyes looked cold and starved and ragged sat upon one of the benches on the embankment. He was sleeping, and I knew from his face that then at least he did not count himself miserable. But presently a policeman came and shook the sleeper into waking life. Then all the violence of the world seemed to be let loose upon this wreck of a man. He shook and blinked his eyes and breathed with heavy spasms. It was just as when a fish is caught out of the depth of the sea and suddenly cast into a basket. I have seen mackerel shake and gasp like this poor man suddenly caught up out of the native depths of sleep. Or if you think that a fish thus dying is only an amusing and not a painful sight then think of what it might be if some giant of fable could catch us up out of our native air into the space between the stars. Would we not willingly sink back again into the depth of air? So it is when the loud world lets us glide down into sleep.—London Outlook.

His Name in the Directory.
"One funny thing I have learned about human nature," said the drug store cashier, "is the habit many people have of marking their own names in the city directory. They do that because the directory is the only place where their names ever get into print, and it has such a fascination for them that they can't resist calling attention to it. A funny old man who likes to talk tells me that he has made special trips to different parts of the city just to mark his name in the directories of the neighborhood. He puts a little cross in red ink before it. I asked him what good it did. He said none possibly, although he is a teacher of languages and may get a few calls on account of that queer advertisement. But his is an exceptional case. Not many persons spend time and money hunting city directories, but every time they happen to see a new one they can't help looking up their names and putting some kind of a mark around them."—New York Sun.

Mansfield's Coaching.
"Richard Mansfield," said an actress who played in his company, "was a great teacher, but terribly relentless. I shall never forget a time when I was playing with him in 'The First Violin.' I could not, strive frantically as I would, do the thing he wanted. He was gentle at first, and then, persisting in my failure, he began to lash and whip and sting me with his words until I thought I should have to run away. In agony of impotent desperation I cried out:
"I cannot! Oh, I cannot!"
"Mr. Mansfield threw up his hands in a gesture of relief, and a smile played about his lips.
"Why," he said sweetly, "you're doing the very thing right now. No one on earth could do it better." And then I knew what he meant, and those lines were a triumph to me all that season."—Detroit Free Press.

Walking.
The Almighty has not freighted the foot with a single superfluous part. Every inch of every foot is meant for use. When a man walks in the right way, speaking literally, the back of the heel strikes the ground first. Then the rest of the heel comes down, after which the outer edge of the foot takes the bulk of the burden until the forward movement shifts the weight to the ball of the foot and finally to the toes. The ideal step is a slightly rocking motion. At no time should the entire foot be pressed against the ground. Heel to toe is the movement. Try it and see how much farther and more easily you can walk. It's the Indian's way, and what poor Lo doesn't know about footwork can go into the discard.—New York Press.

A Lesson With His Autograph.
An admirer once wrote to Lowell describing his autograph collection and concluding with the remark, "I would be much obliged for your autograph." The reply came, bearing with it a lesson on the correct use of the words "would" and "should," which deeply impressed itself on the mind of the recipient. The response read:

Pray, do not say hereafter, "I would be obliged." If you would be obliged, be obliged and have done with it. Say, "I should be obliged," and oblige your truly, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A Remodeled Text.
"Perhaps you could preach us a sermon about the condition of things in our town," says the resident pastor to the visiting one. "Baloona, gambling houses and the like run wide open all the time, and the officers pay no attention to them."
"Yes," agrees the visitor; "I might take as my text, 'There's no arrest for the wicked.'"—Judge.

Grace Before Meat.
The Zulu admires a woman according to her weight. The Zulu can respect a 200 pound woman, but it is only a 500 or 400 pound one that he can really love. We enlightened persons, on the other hand, have been taught to like grace before meat.—Exchange.

Made a Noise.
"He didn't win the prize in the life race, did he?"
"No, but he hollered like he had it, and some people died envious of him."—Atlanta Constitution.

Armed For Peace.
Wife—Will your disarmament meeting finish late? Husband—Yes, about midnight, I expect. But don't be nervous. I shall have my revolver.—Don Vivant.

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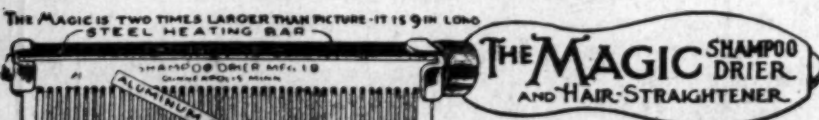
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THE MAGIC SHAMPOO DRIER AND HAIR STRAIGHTENER.

MAILED ANYWHERE IN U.S. \$1.00. POSTAGE PAID. SEND MONEY BY POST OFFICE MONEY ORDER.

LADIES LOOK! Every lady can have a beautiful and luxuriant head of hair if she uses a MAGIC. After a shampoo or bath the Magic dries the hair, removing the dandruff; and it will straighten the curliest head of hair.

The Magic will not burn or injure the hair, because the comb is never heated. The steel heating bar which heats the hair, is alone, put into the flame of the alcohol or gas heater.

The Aluminum Comb is easily detached from the heating bar, then, after the bar is heated the comb goes back into place and is held by a magnet in the handle.

The Magic Heater is also suitable for curling irons, has a cover and can be carried in a hand bag. Magic Shampoo Drier \$1.00. Magic Alcohol Heater \$0.50. Liberal terms to agents. Write for literature today.

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Is Your Hair Beautiful

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Does it comb easily without breaking? Is it straight? Does it smooth out nicely? Can you do it up in any of the charming styles, as it will stay, and make you proud of it? Is it long and full of life? If you cannot say YES to all of the above questions, then you need

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NELSON'S HAIR DRESSING is the finest hair pomade on the face of the earth for colored people. It makes your hair grow fast; it makes stubborn, kinky and tangled hair as soft and supple as silk. It makes healthy, it keeps it from splitting or breaking off. It makes it rich and gives it that charm so longed for by all true ladies.

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Nelson's Hair Dressing is put up in handsome four-ounce square tin boxes, like the lady holds in her hand. Druggists and agents everywhere sell it at 25 cents a box. If you can't get it, send us 30 cents and we will mail you a full size box postpaid. Go and buy it now, or sit right down and write us. Address

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ENGLAND'S LIGHTHOUSES.

The Seven Districts Are Controlled by a Board Known as the "Elder Brethren."

The lighthouse service of England is controlled by a board composed of thirteen "elder brethren." When a vacancy occurs one of the "younger brethren" is selected by the "elder brethren" to fill it. The position is for life, and the salary is \$500 a year. Any commanding officer of the navy or master of the merchant marine is eligible for election as one of the "younger brethren" by the "elder brethren." There is no salary attached to the position, but they are eligible for election as one of the "elder brethren."

England is divided into seven lighthouse districts, each in charge of a superintendent. The superintendents are persons who enter the service as apprentices at the age of thirteen and have worked up to the position of master on board of a steam tender. They are selected for the position of superintendent by the "elder brethren." A superintendent has control

of his district.

Lightkeepers are appointed for life. They enter the service between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, and their salaries are regulated according to length of service and not according to station. Lightkeepers as well as the other employees of the lighthouse service are pensioned when too old to perform duty. There is a regular lightship service, also for life, and the officers are selected from the men. The men enter between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, but must have been at sea. They are then eligible to work up to lampkeeper, mate and master. These men are pensioned when too old to serve.

BIZET AND HALEVY.

The Story of the Origin of a Popular Air in "Carmen."

Bizet, the composer of the world famous opera "Carmen," and Halevy, his librettist, once occupied apartments whose outer doors opened on the same landing. As soon as he had finished an air Bizet would hasten to submit it to his neighbor, who subjected it to the most severe criticism. From morning to night the piano resounded in the composer's apartments. One night Bizet finished a dramatic bit in which he flattered himself he had successfully sketched the pride of a triumphant torador after a successful bullfight. But Halevy listened in silence and showed but a moderate enthusiasm. Bizet, somewhat piqued, asked the cause of this coldness.

"It's good, I admit," said Halevy. "In fact, it's too good. It lacks movement; it lacks snap—in short, it's not popular enough."

"Not popular enough?" shouted the piqued composer. "Do you want to write for the slugs?" He went out in a huff, but soon returned and in an hour returned with another air. "Listen to this," said he. "Here is my torador idea written down to your popular level." It was indeed the song of the torador and the only one which on the first night received an encore and seemed to move the first night audience from the torpor.

Speak For Yourself, John.

The Lord Leicester of a century ago had no sons by his first marriage and, being well on in years, was anxious to see his heir apparent, a nephew, happily wedded. His wish was that a charming daughter of his neighbor, the Earl of Albemarle, should be the future Lady Leicester. With her and her sisters he used to enjoy his morning rides. One morning she came alone, and during the ride he asked, thinking to forward his nephew's interests, "Anne, my dear, how should you like to be mistress of Holkham?" "There is nothing I should like better," she replied. "Then I shall send my nephew William to court you," said the earl, glad that the fates seemed to favor his project. But the lady calmly and gravely answered, "I shall never be mistress of Holkham on those terms." "Why," exclaimed the astonished old gentleman, looking the lady hard in the face, "you don't mean to say you would marry me!" "Yes, indeed I would," was the answer, "and nothing I should wish better." And as a consequence the nephew did not succeed to the earldom.—London Chronicle.

Persistence.

Timour, the great Asiatic conqueror, commonly known by the name of Tamerlane, had extraordinary persistence. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken, and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate to his friend an anecdote of his early life. "I once," he said, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson."

The Landscape Near Jerusalem.

The country about Jerusalem is essentially a pale country. Indeed, I often thought it looked stricken, as if its pallor had come upon it abruptly, had been sent to it as a visitation. I was not sorry that I saw it first under grayness and swept by winds. The grayness, the winds, seemed to me to emphasize its truth, to drive home its reality. And there was something noble in its candor. Even nature can take on an aspect of trickiness at times, or at least a certain coquetry, a daintiness not wholly free from suggestions of artificiality. The landscape in the midst of which Jerusalem lies is dreary, is sad; in stormy weather is almost forbidding. Yet it has a bare frankness that renders it dignified, a large simplicity that is very striking. The frame is sober, the picture within it is amazing, and neither, once seen, can ever be forgotten.—Robert Hichens in Century.

What Happened to Bill.

Mrs. Dixon was putting Frank, aged six, and Willie, aged four, to sleep with a bedtime story when she was suddenly compelled to answer the doorbell. Hastening away with the intention of immediately returning, Mrs. Dixon was detained by a caller. The boys grew restless. Finally, running to the top of the stairs, where he knew his mother could get a perfect view of him, Frank used nearly all his small stock of diplomacy in trying to attract his mother's attention without disturbing the visitor. After several futile attempts at gesticulations he called out in a loud whisper perfectly audible to both ladies below, "Mamma, you'd better come up," then in a most awe inspiring tone adding, "cause Bill's nose is comin' unwiped!" — Youth's Companion.

Tibetan Penal Code.

The Tibetan penal code is curious. Murder is punished with a fine varying according to the importance of the slain, theft by a fine of seven to one hundred times the value of the article stolen. Here, again, the fine depends on the social importance of the person from whom the theft has been committed. The harboring of a thief is looked upon as a worse criminal than the thief himself. Ordeals by fire and by boiling water are still used as proofs of innocence or guilt, exactly as was the custom in Europe in the middle ages. And if the lamas never inflict death they are adepts at torture.

Taken Literally.

The tramp approached the pompous gentleman and asked for a copper. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," quoted the gent.

"Tain't no use, mister," answered the weary one. "Me sun's jist as tight fasted as me uncle and me other relatives."—Exchange.

The Boy Told Him.

Father (after a long search)—Well, here it is. I wonder why one always finds a thing in the last place one hunts for it? Bright Boy—I s'pose it's cause after people find it they leave off looking.

She Still Lectures.

Mr. Tite—Your wife used to lecture before she was married. Has she given it up now? Mr. Milda—Well, er—yes—that is, in public.

Tommy's Reason.

"Tommy," the schoolma'am asked, "why are you scratching your head?" "Cause nobody else knows just where it itches."

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.

The Power of Paderewski.

A hard headed business man went to hear Paderewski play, says A. E. Thomas in Success Magazine. The man is not a musician. He spends his days trying to buy cotton when it is low and sell it when it is high. This is how he described his experience at the piano recital.

"You know, I'm not easily stirred up, and I don't know anything about music. I wouldn't know whether a man was playing the piano extremely well or just fairly well. But I do know that Paderewski played one thing that afternoon that stirred me up as I never was stirred in my life. I don't remember what it was. I couldn't have told whether he was playing an hour or five minutes. All I know is that it stirred up feelings within me I had never felt before. Great waves of emotion swept over me. I wanted to shout and I wanted to cry, and when the last chord was struck I found myself on my feet waving my umbrella and shouting like a wild Indian. I went out of that hall as weak as a rag and happier than I'd been in years. I can't account for it. I've tried, but I can't explain it. Can you?"

Burglar's Bessing Sin.

The burglar's besetting sin is heedlessness. The chances are that it was heedlessness that first drove him out of honest employment and made a burglar of him. The burglar ransacks a house and carries away a spoon holder, a card tray or some other inexpensive souvenir of the occasion, and he overlooks the thousand dollar bill on the dining room table and the rope of pearls on the towel rack. This heedlessness seems to be common to the whole fraternity. We do not know what the experience of other cities is, but in Newark the burglar leaves an astonishing amount of portable wealth behind him invariably. When he reads on the day after the robbery that he took Mrs. De Stille's chafing dish and ignored her \$500 ruby bracelet beside it or that he upset the Pompey's dresser drawer to get the revolver and failed to see the government bonds that lay in plain sight on the washstand, how he much gnash his teeth and hate himself for neglecting to develop his powers of attention and observation in his youth!—Newark News.

What "Garbler" Once Meant.

"Garble," "garbled," "garbler," are words which nowadays convey quite a different meaning from that which was formerly accepted. "Garble" originally signified simply "to select for a purpose." At one time there was an officer, termed "the garbler of spices," whose duty it was to visit the shops and examine the spices, ordering the destruction of all impure goods. His duties were similar to those of the inspector of the modern health department, who forbids the sale of decayed vegetables or tainted meat. The word comes from a root meaning "to sift." The impurities sifted out have in the course of generations corrupted the term till a "garbled report" is no longer a report wherefrom all uncertainty has been removed, but one that is full of misrepresentation and made misleading with deliberate intent.

Mississippi Steamboating.

The steamboat age on the Mississippi began about 1821 and flourished for fifty years. As early as 1834 the number of steamboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries is estimated at 230, and in 1842 there were 450 vessels, with a value of \$25,000,000. But the golden era was from 1848 till the war. Never did the valley and steamboating prosper more than then. Thousands of bales of cotton were annually shipped to southern markets, and the wharfs of St. Louis and Memphis and Vicksburg and other large ports were stacked with piles of merchandise and lined with scores of steamers.—Travel Magazine.

Corrected.

It is the custom of a well known minister to point his sermons with either "dearly beloved brethren" or "now, my brothers." One day a lady member of his congregation took exception to this.

"Why do you always preach to the gentlemen and never to the ladies?" she asked.

"My dear lady," said the beaming vicar, "one embraces the other."

"But not in the church!" was the instant reply.

The Cruel Reason.

Mrs. Goslip—How does it come that Mrs. Newrich invited you to her party? I thought you were enemies. Mrs. Sharp—We are, but she thought I had nothing left to wear and wanted to make me feel bad.

So Foolish.

"She is neglecting her game of bridge dreadfully." "Why is she doing that?" "Some silly excuse. Says the children need her. I believe."—Pittsburg Post.

An Anxious Custom.

"I wonder if men have always complained about the food their wives prepared for them," said one woman. "I guess so," replied the other. "Adam started it."—Washington Star.

The New Cook.

Wife—This pudding is a sample of the new cook's work. What do you think of it? Hub—I'd call it mediocre. Wife—No, dear; it's tapoca.—Boston Transcript.

Disguised.

Customer—I'm going to a masked ball, and I want something that will completely disguise me. Costumer—Certainly, sir. I will give you something nice.—Palo Alto

PLANET PROBLEMS.

We Really Know Very Little Even About the Larger Heavenly Bodies.

"The amount of ignorance not yet removed concerning the planets is very great," writes E. S. Grew. "We do not know, for example, whether the planet Venus rotates. If it does it may possibly have a life and a vegetation like our own, though we suspect that it is clothed in eternal cloud. Of Saturn's rings we cannot say whether they consist of millions of tiny moons like brickbats or whether they may be even smaller still—a veil of shining dust. Of Jupiter we can only say that it is covered with clouds, though of their substance we know nothing, and, according to Professor Lowell and Sir William Huggins, some of the bands we see on it may be rifts in the clouds revealing the body of the planet. Little lines crisscross these bands. Photographs of Jupiter taken at Flagstaff observatory seem to indicate that these lines, too, are the upper clouds of Jupiter."

"But whenever we see a planet we see it badly. Even Mars, the most clearly revealed of them all, is constantly obscured by a refracting haze, so that even of the famous 'canals,' though nearly 500 in number, only a few are perceptible at a time, and an unskilled observer would probably not make them out at all. Sandstorms, sometimes snowstorms, sweep the surface of the planet, and because the winds of Mars are very gentle and slow moving these occurrences take a long time to pass by."—London Family Herald.

HE AMUSED THE CUBS.

Then the Young Lions Took a Turn at Amusing Him.

A negro attached to an African hunting party met with a curious adventure, says an English paper. Wandering one day from camp, he surprised two lion cubs at play and thoughtlessly commenced to amuse them. He was only too successful. The big cubs gambled fearlessly about him and to his dismay refused to desist when he wished to leave them.

Realizing the danger to which he would be exposed should the mother appear, he began to run, but the cubs refused to be shaken off and in their play scratched his legs in fearful fashion.

"That the creatures were thoroughly enjoying themselves was evident from their manifestations of delight, and before long their unusual cries brought a lioness leaping to the spot."

Trembling in every limb, the negro faced the growling animal, while the cubs continued to jump up at him, eager for further caresses. The enraged lioness moved round uneasily in a circle, man and beast keeping their eyes steadily on each other. Several times the lioness crouched to spring, but the man, from fear, never shifted his gaze.

At length, after what seemed an age, when the negro was ready to drop from exhaustion, the animal suddenly called her cubs away and disappeared into the surrounding scrub.

An Artist's Struggles.

Professor von Herkomer, the famous painter, had such a struggle to gain a living in his early days that had it not been for his inexhaustible stock of patience and self confidence he would probably have abandoned art entirely. He sold his first picture for 2 guineas and later on earned for a short time a couple of pounds weekly for a woodcut which he supplied to a comic paper. This modest salary coming to a stop, he was at his wife's end to know what to do. He applied to a troupe of minstrels for an engagement as either player, but in vain, and then took to designing carpets. For some years he battled with poverty, achieving no success until he obtained employment on a weekly illustrated journal.—London Globe.

First Oil Well.

In the year 1859 E. L. Drake of Titusville, Pa., drove the first oil well. Like other pioneers, he was regarded as a dreamer or a fool, and people laughed at the idea of tapping a subterranean oil lake. It was only by pretending that he was in search of a bed of salt that he was able to get drillers to work for him. When the borer had reached a depth of about seventy feet Drake found his anticipations realized, and he was the possessor of an oil well which, with the aid of a hand pump, yielded him twenty-five barrels a day.—New York American.

Malacca Sticks.

The most costly walking sticks come from the Malay archipelago, and the most highly prized stick is the malacca cane. To insure straightness these sticks are reared in glass tubes. A good malacca should be a yard long, not less than an inch in diameter at the upper end, perfectly straight and smooth and of a very dark chocolate color, slightly mottled. It should be given delicately, for the lacquer which gives it its beautiful gloss is easily chipped.—London Graphic.

But They Can.

Mrs. Muggins—When a girl is married she is apt to think her troubles are over. Mrs. Guggins—Yes; she does not seem to realize that things can go amiss with a Mrs.—Philadelphia Record.

Relief.

"My patience is taxed very often." "Well, I notice you get relief in the usual way." "What's that?" "Swearing it off."—Baltimore American.

A SMALL BIRD.

But It Had a Mighty Swat When It Fell Dead Out of the Clouds.

W. M. Newson tells of an amusing incident in which a dead duck displayed more activity than would a live one. The incident is as follows:

"We saw a small flock of broadbills approaching. They came directly for us, but unfortunately did not stop for our decoys. As they arrived almost over us we stood up and fired. I pulled on a nice plump looking drake. He started to fall, so I turned my second load loose rather promiscuously and then started to load up. Behind me Johnny was still shooting. Then Johnny yelled, and something hit me a mighty swat on the back of my neck, whereupon I tried to clean a big hunk of stone of its barnacles by means of my nose and front teeth. This may be pleasant to look upon, but it is not an enjoyable pastime."

"I had always liked Johnny, but the thought that he had hit me on the back of the neck and was now laughing was too much. I started for him with murder in my eye and a large driftwood stick in my hand. Johnny, still in fits of laughter, pointed behind me and mumbled some words about 'duck.' I looked around, and there he was on the rocks was the same plump looking drake that I had shot at the first time. It was hard to realize that such a small bird had such a mighty swat."

"When Johnny had come out of his convulsions and I had picked the feathers out of my back hair we looked around a bit and found there were four dead broadbills, so I cheered up a bit. Johnny didn't need any cheering up."—Recreation.

HE WAS THANKFUL.

A Reporter Who Appreciated the Attentions of His Superior.

A reporter for a Philadelphia newspaper was sent up the state to act as staff correspondent in an important court trial. It was the reporter's first big out of town assignment, and his managing editor kept the telegraph wires busy with instructions and inquiries. For two days and two nights the reporter had received a dispatch from his office half hourly, and it began to get on his nerves.

At the end of the second day he worked until 2 o'clock in the morning, filed his last page of copy, received word that his story had been received, and he went to bed. Just as he was putting out the light the hotel porter appeared with the inevitable tray and the inevitable telegram. The reporter opened it and read:

"What time does court open in the morning?" It was too much. He hated the sight of a telegram. He had been feeling the curse of the dispatches only to have them pursue him to bed. He sat down and wrote to his office the most courteous answer he could compose:

"Court opens at 9 o'clock in the morning. It is now 3. Thank you for waking me in time."—Philadelphia Times.

Balzac's Way.

Jules Sandeau relates that one time while living in Paris Balzac locked himself up in his room for twenty-two days and twenty-two nights, refusing to see any one and keeping the curtains closed and the lights continually burning even in broad daylight. The only human being he saw during this time was his servant, whom he rang for when he felt the need of food and which he washed down with numerous cups of coffee. He would throw himself on his bed only when entirely exhausted from lack of sleep, and he remained in complete ignorance of what was transpiring outside, the state of the weather and even of the time and day of the week. He only freed himself from this voluntary captivity when he had written the word "End" on the last page of the manuscript he began when he entered his prison.

Coral That Shocks.

On the coast of the West Indian islands a curious kind of coral is found, called "millepoce." This has a most extraordinary property which makes the people who know it very shy of handling it. The moment you pick up a piece of coral electric thrill runs through you and an agonizing pain shoots through your jaws. You feel as if every tooth and every nerve and muscle connected with them was burning. The acute pain lasts generally for about half an hour and slowly passes off, but the effects do not disappear entirely for hours. The reason of this curious shock or poisoning is a mystery.

Not Dangerous.

"Madam, I thought I would tell you I met your husband awhile ago, as I heard he had started from home to kill a man he quarreled with." "Oh, sir, tell me—was my poor William shot?" "No, madam. Your poor William was only half shot."—Baltimore American.

Depressing Sights.

If there is anything more depressing than rain falling on an overturned tombstone or the sight of a dining room table covered with dirty dishes, what is it?—Atchison Globe.

He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Willie, tell us one of the principal events in Roman history and mention the date. Willie—Mark Antony went to Egypt cos he had a date with Cleopatra.—Harper's Bazar.

If you would hit the target aim a little above it. Every arrow that flies finds the attraction of earth.—Longfellow.

W. C. Martin, Attorney.
In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding Probate Court, No. 17982, Administration. This is To Give Notice: That the subscriber, of the State of Pennsylvania, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia Letters of Administration on the estate of Stephen D. Ford, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of April, A. D. 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1911.

Maggie F. Woolfalk.
Care W. C. Martin, 503 D St. N. W. Attest: James Tanner, Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court. W. C. Martin, Attorney.

Emanuel M. Hewlett.
In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding Probate Court, Estate of Charles S. Lane, deceased, No. 17924, administration docket. Application having been made herein for Letters of Administration on the estate of said deceased, by Minnie Allen, it is ordered this 1st day of May, A. D. 1911, that Henry H. Lane, and all others concerned, appear in said court on Monday, the 12th day of June, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., to show cause why such application should not be granted. Let notice hereof be published in the "Washington Law Reporter" and the "Washington Bee" once in each of three successive weeks before the return day herein mentioned—the first publication to be not less than thirty days before said return day.

Attest: Ashley M. Gould, Justice.
James Tanner, Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

Emanuel M. Hewlett, Attorney.

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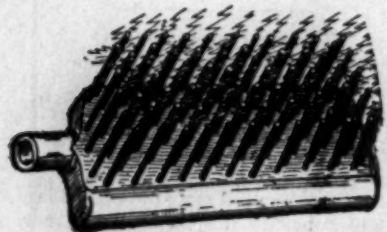
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Jones Walks Away.

(Evening Star.)
While Payne was beating Lovejoy, Jones was trouncing Banneker (April 28) in the fourth game of the series between the colored schools of the twelfth division. Martin pitched superb ball for Jones, allowing only three hits. The game was feathered by the classy fielding sensational batting of Jones. Score:
R. H. E.
Jones 0 1 0 3 4 2—14 12 2
Banneker 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 3 8

May 2, Jones beat Logan by a score of 8 to 5.

Thursday afternoon, in recognition and appreciation of the recent honors won by the baseball team of the school, the victors were the guests of the other pupils and teachers of the school.

Mrs. Louise Alston Burleigh gave a rendition of her original poems at the Alfred Jones School on last Wednesday, which was enthusiastically received. She clearly demonstrated the possibilities of a Washington girl.

A large and enthusiastic audience assembled at Prospect Hall, N. Y., on the evening of April 24, to attend the recital and assembly of the Willing Workers' Circle of the King's Daughters, on which occasion Mrs. Louise Alston Burleigh, as star of the evening, gave a rare dramatic feast in the rendition of her original dialect poems, and, with Mr. R. Henry Strange, presented a scene from act 2 of the celebrated play Ingomar.

Mrs. Burleigh's poems are true to nature, and give evidence of much genuine thought as well as genuine talent. Her interpretation of them is beyond criticism, and she gives promise of succeeding Paul Lawrence Dunbar in carrying on the songs of the Negro.

In the scene from Ingomar, with Mr. Strange as barbarian and Mrs. Burleigh as a Greek, some very clever acting was done by both.

In the near future the latter will appear in a joint recital with her husband in Washington.

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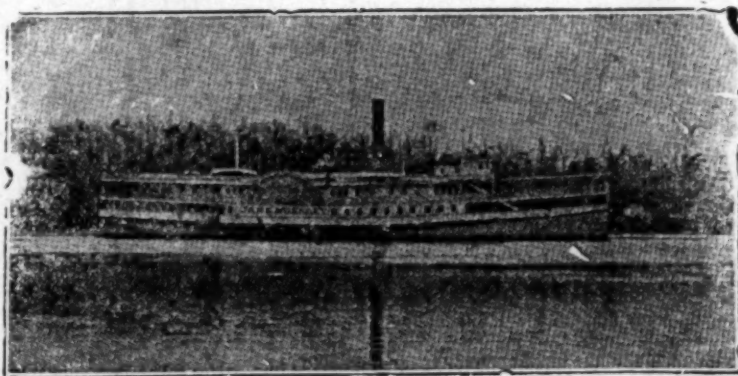
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